

ANNALS OF IOWA.

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No. 3.

EARLY TIMES IN IOWA.

BY CHARLES NEGUS.

From a Private Diary.

[Continued from page 95.]

THE country around the town of Fairfield was in the possession of the Indians until the 25th of October, 1838.

In the spring of 1841, when the writer of these lines came to Fairfield, the population of the town was one hundred and ten, and of the county two thousand seven hundred and eighty. The boudary line of the Indian country was only eight miles west of the town; and there was scarcely a day that the red men were not in the place. At that time there was a small, two-story, frame building erected by the county, for a court house; but not a church or school house in the whole county. There were two taverns, three stores, and two drinking saloons; but all business was conducted on a small scale. Most of the inhabitants were those accustomed to frontier life; unpolished in

their manners, but possessed of kind feelings and noble and generous hearts. Everybody was on an equality, kind and hospitable to each other; which, with the scenes of a new country, made the time pass off rather pleasantly.

Immediately after the whites were permitted to take possession of this locality, Henry B. Natson made a claim to the public lands upon which the town of Fairfield was laid out. Natson being a single man, the first winter kept bachelor's hall, spending most of his evenings solitary and alone, with no neighbors nearer than five or six miles. Natson for several years was a prominent man in the county, kind-hearted and of a generous turn; but he moved to another place and was forgotten.

Immediately after the town was located, William Huston came to the place with a stock of goods, and for some time he was the sole merchant and land-lord in the town, and the post master for all the country west of Henry county. Huston brought with him a young man by the name of Thomas H. Gray, who, for a while, acted as his clerk, but afterwards studied the legal profession — was the first law student in the county, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. He was possessed of easy and agreeable manners, well calculated to suit himself to whatever company he might chance to meet, and was generally beloved and respected by all who knew him. He professed to be an infidel in his religious doctrine, and to believe that death was an eternal sleep, and when man closed his earthly career that was the end of him. He was fond of discussing his religious notions, and was apparently sincere in what he advocated, though he was not obtrusive in his views, and willing to concede to others the right to their religious sentiments. In his politics he was a whig; but, in those days, the democrats had the ascendancy. He was several times a candidate for office, and always run ahead of his party vote, but never was elected. He was possessed of a keen, active mind, but had rather delicate physical functions, and his constitution could not endure hardships. As soon as he

commenced practicing as a lawyer he got business, and was successful with his cases, and but few young men rose faster, or stood higher in his profession, than Gray did at his age.

In the early days of Iowa, it was the custom of most of the lawyers of talent to travel and attend all the courts of their district. In the spring of 1848, Gray and myself started around the district. At that time all who travelled our district were young men, full of sport, and, when not occupied in business, ready to engage in anything for amusement. This spring their hilarities were carried to an unusual extent, and, in some instances, whisky was used to an immoderate degree.

Gray had a large amount of business, and worked hard for his clients; was up at late hours, and frequently had little or no sleep during the night. This was more than his constitution could bear; the result was, he came home with impaired health, and was soon brought to a sick-bed, from which he never got up. Gray had no relations in the west, but he had many friends who attended to his wants, and he suffered for nothing that could be done for him. The disease continued its ravages upon his system, until the physicians regarded his case critical, and he became conscious he might not get well. I was sitting by his bed-side, to attend to his wants, no one else in the room, when Gray fastened his eyes, glassy from the near approach of death, with a steady and fixed gaze upon me, expressive of deep thought and intense feeling, with an earnestness that was unpleasant, and to avert the gaze, I got up and walked about the room—but this did not avert his piercing stare, but made it more intent. I returned to my seat and said: “Tom, is there anything I can do for you?” when, with a low, shrill voice, with a death-rattle in his throat, he replied: “You are a picture of health. Oh! that I were as well as you are! I must die!” These words were spoken with a tone and emphasis that sent a thrill through my heart, and, before I was aware, the big tears were trick-

ling down my cheek. A few hours after he closed his earthly career—he was no more. Gray was young; with health, he had bright prospects in the future; life was dear to him; he hated to die. But he had the fortitude of a philosopher of age; he met his fate with firmness; he died with composure, and showed to the last that he believed in the doctrine that he had professed—that death was an eternal sleep. The extensive acquaintance and popularity of Gray, brought many from a distance to attend his funeral, and drew together the largest collection of people that had ever been assembled in the town; and probably it has been the lot of but few persons, in the early settlement of Iowa, to be followed to the grave by as many real mourners as followed Thomas H. Gray. A few years after his death, at an old settlers' celebration, by voluntary subscription, there were enough means contributed to erect a suitable monument over his remains, which points out the grave of the first individual who was a student of law in Jefferson county.

There had, for a long time, been reports through the newspapers, of some wonderful developments of what was called spiritual rappings, in Rochester, New York; but these reports were generally regarded as some legerdemain, and they attracted no particular attention in this part of the country, until the spring of 1852, when it was ascertained that there were persons in Jefferson county, able to produce those phenomena, and in various parts of the country there were exhibitions of moving chairs, turning tables, and producing certain noises which resembled low raps. The living pretended to call up the spirits of their departed friends, and hold conversations with them, thereby learning their conditions in the spirit world. These performances puzzled the most intelligent to satisfactorily account for the phenomena produced, and the most skeptical were forced to admit that there were some things about these manifestations that they did not understand. Universalists and atheists engaged in these developments, and held, what

they supposed, conversations with their departed friends, in which they made inquiries about future punishment, and some received such manifestations as led them to doubt their long-cherished faiths, and professed to be converted to a religious belief. For a while the occupation of clergymen seemed to be a useless calling, for the people were being rapidly converted by the admonitions of the spirits. These conversations were carried on through the application of different means, but mostly by raps and writing mediums. On one occasion I witnessed a performance, which made a deep sensation, and called forth many remarks. At this performance the conversation was had through a writing medium, who was a little girl about ten years old, that had recently come to the place, and said to be illiterate and unable to write unless under a mesmeric influence. She was seated at a table, with pen, ink, and paper, and, after being mesmerised, many questions were propounded to her which were generally answered by "yes" or "no," written in a tolerably fair hand-writing. The girl, when she wrote the answers, did it very quickly and without looking to see how she guided her pen, and her hand, so far as she was concerned, apparently moved involuntarily. Several spirits were called up, and a great many questions propounded to them, which were generally answered satisfactorily. At last a lady friend—at whose house Thomas H. Gray died—proposed to call up his spirit. Several efforts were made before it could be got to answer, and when it did, there seemed to be a reluctancy about engaging in conversation. It would answer a few questions, and then there would be no response, and it apparently felt disposed to get away and avoid an interview with his old friends. This rather increased the desire to continue the conversation. The lady friend, after making many inquiries, asked if there was any place of punishment for the wicked, in the spirit world, which was answered in the affirmative. The question was then asked, if he was happy; and the medium, much excited, instead of writing an answer, threw the

pen in a most spiteful manner clear across the room. This exhibition, connected with his known belief while living, filled the spectators, who had assembled in quite large numbers, with amazement, and for a time broke up the performance.

The first lawyer who settled in Fairfield was Colonel A. He was a man of much more than ordinary ability, energetic and ambitious of notoriety and fame. For several years he was clerk of the commissioners' court, post master, and colonel of the militia of the county, which, in those days, had their regular drills. The only obstacle to his having become one of the most prominent men in the west, was, that he was inclined to be reckless in his habits. He was industrious, naturally a good manager, and succeeded in accumulating means, and built the first frame house ever erected in Fairfield, which was a building about twenty by thirty feet on the ground, and a story and a half high. His wife was a very interesting and intelligent woman, much attached to her family, and had much influence over her husband, to whom he was fondly devoted, and was guided by her counsel. They had four most interesting children, who, though left orphans when the oldest was only about fourteen years old, and mostly had to shift for themselves, grew up to be useful citizens.

During the summer of 1842 there were a great many thunder-storms, and the lightning several times struck within the limits of the town. There was a severe storm came up one evening, just about sun set. The rain poured down in torrents, and the heavens were almost constantly vivid by a continued succession of flashes of lightning, while peal after peal of rumbling thunder shook the earth. The cloud had nearly passed over, and the fury of the storm somewhat abated; I was standing in the door of my boarding house a short distance from A.'s, watching the troubled elements, when there came a thunderbolt that made everything tremble, and the whole heavens appeared as one sheet of fire, which almost bewildered me. As soon

as I recovered from the shock, the first thing that attracted my attention, was loud screams at the house of Colonel A. I hastened to the house, where my ears were filled with the most frightful wails. I called for Mr. and Mrs. A., but received no answer. The light had been put out; the children were so much frightened that they could not give any information as to what had happened, or tell where a light could be found so that I could ascertain myself. I ran back to my boarding house, and procured a lantern. By the time I had got back, several of the neighbors had assembled, and it was ascertained that the house had been struck by lightning, and we commenced an examination to ascertain the extent of the injuries. The plastering was nearly all torn off, and the partition in the inside of the house shivered into splinters. The house was a story and a half in height, and joists had been nailed on about half way up the rafters, and a room finished off for beds. The joists and plastering had all been knocked off together by the shock, and beneath the rubbish were Mrs. A. and two small children, so pressed down by the weight that they could not have got out without help, had they received no injury. The children were first relieved, having received no serious injury; but, when the rubbish was removed from Mrs. A., she was found to be a corpse — a horrid sight to behold. Mr. A. was at the post office, and not at the house. Mrs. A., with three of the children, was at home; the two youngest she had taken up-stairs, and was in the act of putting them to bed when the thunderbolt came. She was standing near by where a sword was hanging. The lightning came down a rafter till it reached the sword, then descended the sword till it came opposite her head; when it tore a hole through the scabbard; left the sword; struck her on the side of the head, and descended the whole length of her body. The hair on one side of her head was mostly burned off, the balance disheveled in every direction; her face was turned black, and her clothes torn into fragments. The falling timbers had cut a large

gash in her forehead, and, from the blow she had received or the effect of the lightning, the blood was running from her ears, nose, and mouth.

Mrs. A. was taken down-stairs and laid on a bed, and the children dressed, and the house was being put in order, when Mr. A., having been informed that his residence had been struck with lightning, came hurriedly into the house. He cast a hasty glance about the room, then stepped into the apartment where the corpse lay. When his eye met the ghastly form of his wife, he stood like a marble monument, with a fixed gaze on her corpse. Apparently for minutes everything was in breathless silence. Then he exclaimed: "My God! is this a dream? or do I behold a reality?" At this moment the big tears were seen trickling down the cheeks of every bystander.

That night this was a sad house. Colonel A. walked the yard the whole night without having anything to say to any one unless spoken to.

This providential act was a crushing blow to Colonel A., and a downward turning-point in the affairs of his life; from this time on, everything went wrong. Though he shared largely in the sympathies of his acquaintances, he had no relations in the west, to give him consolation in his grief.

He was devotedly fond of his children, and they being young, he could not bear the thought of separating them. They were not old enough to take care of the house, and, at that time, it was very difficult to find a person suitable for such a task. These circumstances seemed to compel him to seek a house-keeper. He sought the hand of a beautiful and intelligent lady, and a few months after the sad calamity he was married again.

But the second wife did not fill the place of the first. She had not the power to restrain and control his actions, and hold him in check, as did the first companion of his bosom. It was rather an unhappy union; instead of checking his habits of recklessness, they rapidly increased upon him—so much so that they seriously affected his financial

affairs. He lost his position as clerk, and necessity seemed to compel him to give up the post office; his professional business left him, and his income became very limited. To make a living for his family, he traded off his homestead for a tavern-stand, and commenced keeping public house.

He had not been very long engaged in his new calling till disease siezed hold of him, and he was brought to a sick bed. The disease affected his brain; the mind lost its reason, and he became a mad-man, a raving maniac; he imagined that the fiends of the lower regions were after him, and he suffered every imaginable torment. His moanings and wailings were awful; so much so that it was extremely unpleasant to be in his presence, and hardly any one visited his room unless as a matter of necessity or charity; and he died with no one present but his wife; who, from his first sickness to the last, faithfully discharged her duties as an affectionate companion.

Such were the sensations which had been produced during his sickness, that no one seemed willing to go to his room to care for his body; and it remained an undue time before being removed from the dying bed. This being known, myself, with another individual, went to the apartment; removed the body from the dying couch, and dressed it in the habiliments of the grave.

As he lay upon the cooling board, fear, dread, and horror, with all their piercing pangs, were depicted in his countenance. It was anything else than the noble, frank, energetic face of Colonel A., in his days of health and prosperity.

At the time of performing these services I was unwell, and a few days after was forced to take a sick bed, and for weeks life and death were in the scales, and it was hard to tell which was going to poise the balance. But at last the disease gave way, and the physical faculties began to regain their vigor, with a prospect of a speedy return to health. One night, feeling quite comfortable, I had a bed prepared on the sofa, and, at an early hour, laid down for a

night's repose. My bed feeling comfortable, I thought I had the prospect of a good night's rest; and I had not been long in my bed until my eyes were closed in refreshing slumber, and, supposing me asleep, all retired for the night. I enjoyed my bed on the sofa until about mid-night, when I felt an uneasiness about my head; my pulse became quick; my throat dry; my tongue parched and swollen, and every part of my body was suffering the most excruciating pains; my fever had returned with a ten-fold fierceness; I called my wife, and soon all the inmates of the house were at my side. The doctor was sent for, and was soon present, and, after an examination, asked what I had eaten for supper. Being told that I had had some baked apples, he remarked that I would pay dear for my imprudence. He gave me some medicine, but it did me no good. I grew worse; my pains became excruciating; morning came, and I was no better; a council of physicians was called; they all examined me, and gave me more medicine—but all their efforts did not in the least abate the fever, or assuage the pains. My physician closely watched over me for four and twenty hours, with no favorable result; when I was told that if I had any arrangements to make, about my earthly affairs, I had better be about it.

I sent for an old friend, and began to give directions; but before I got through, my tongue became so swollen, and my throat so parched with fever, that I could not speak, and I was not able to finish my directions; though I was perfectly conscious of what was going on about me, and knew everything that was said to or about me.

My extremities became cold, and I felt a cold, clammy sweat start from my forehead; my respiration became difficult, and it appeared as though the whole functions of the body had ceased to perform their offices. I heard the doctor say I was dying; my wife came to my bedside; fixed her eyes with a steady gaze upon me for a moment, and then gave a shriek that made me shudder. I thought of my wife and my child; I made a desperate effort to resist

the ravages of the disease which had fastened upon me—but all to no avail. I could not move a muscle; my breath seemed to refuse to enter my lungs; I felt as though a mountain's weight was pressing me on every side; I gasped to catch my breath—but in vain, and, as soon as I ceased to breathe, the spirit, with a bound, left the body, and the two had no more to do with each other.

Now every pain ceased, and I felt like a person let out of confinement. I went a short distance from the body; stopped, and looked back upon it with much interest. My eyes were not closed, and they seemed to be watching with earnestness those in the room. I felt a great interest in, and a great love for, the tenement I formerly occupied, as much or more than the child does for his paternal home.

I resolved to stand by and see what would be done with it. I saw my friends close its eyes; wrap it in the winding-sheet, and lay it in the coffin.

At the funeral a large number of persons attended. The parson pronounced the funeral sermon with much solemnity; many shed tears; the coffin was then taken to the burying-ground, and deposited in the grave. The respect shown to my remains gave me pleasure.

The grave which had been prepared was near Colonel A's. When I saw this I felt regret; the scenes of his last moments came up before me. When the coffin was lowered to its last resting place, my wife, who had been weeping most bitterly, now shrieked in wild despair, and fell senseless beside the grave. My only child, then about a year old, seemed to be sensible that he was an orphan.

When I had seen this I gave a deep sigh, and involuntarily uttered: "Poor woman; thy fate is a hard one, in the world of thy sojourning!" I stood pondering over the situation of my wife and child; all my thoughts were absorbed in their welfare, when I was aroused by one sent to me as a messenger, and was told that I had nothing to do with the things of the other world, and bade me walk around and see my present situation.

I now turned my attention to the world of spirits. I saw around me innumerable numbers, some of whom I knew. Every one appeared happy, free from pain, and nothing to irritate their feelings. I moved at will; I had only to wish to be at a place, and, as quick as thought, I was there; and this without the least exertion on my part. I desired to see the Father and the Son. No sooner had the wish passed through my mind than I was in their presence.

Here I was disappointed in my expectations. I had thought I would see the Father clothed in splendid attire, seated on a throne of the most costly material, and that there would be around Him four-and-twenty elders and innumerable hosts of angels, clothed in white raiment. But I saw nothing of this here. The Father stood without anything around Him, as if standing in the air, nothing to attract the attention except His person, which was very large—His body and limbs represented, in shape and appearance, those of Washington (Washington was present), though His head and features were different. He had the largest head, and most expansive forehead I had ever seen, and His countenance looked as if the great fountain of power, knowledge, love, and mercy were there.

I stood and looked with wonder and amazement, at the perfections before which I stood. The Son had every appearance of the Father, except being smaller in stature. I looked around to see the architect of the spirit world; I saw no walls built of precious stone: no gates of pearl, no streets paved with gold; nothing which indicated splendor or costly array—but I felt as though I was taking my repose in some hot summer day, under some cool, refreshing arbor, where the gentle zephyrs were blowing sweet odors from fragrant flowers, with no care or anxiety to perplex the mind.

There was an innumerable number of spirits coming to, and departing from the Father, as if bringing and carrying messages. These I took to be angels, but they had no wings; they appeared like the other spirits—except

they were smaller; had thin faces with long, sharp pointed noses and very large, piercing eyes.

I asked myself "Is this heaven? If so, how different from what I had expected." I could hardly persuade myself this was the final home of the faithful. But here was the Father and the Son; and here I saw my own father and mother, whom I believed had gone to heaven, and if this was not the place they would not have been here. Though things did not appear as I had expected, my happiness was complete.

After looking around, I sat down and was pondering over what I had seen, and my mind was absorbed in deep thought, when a messenger came to me, and told me that the Father wanted to see me; to go with him. I arose and followed, and, when I had come to him, I was told that my wife had prayed earnestly that I might be restored to her; that, if I chose to return to the earth, and put on mortality, He would answer the prayer, and I might go and take care of my wife and child.

On receiving this permission I started on my way to unite soul and body. Though I did this cheerfully, on account of my wife and child; yet, had it not been for them, I would have never returned to the earth.

I came to the grave-yard, and entered into the tenement of clay, and, as soon as the spirit entered the body, the heart began to palpitate, and the lungs inhaled air. The grave opened; the coffin burst, and I was again standing on the earth, a living man.

At first I could not think this real, but I looked around me; there was the open grave, the empty coffin, and I was robed in my grave-clothes. I became satisfied this was real; that I had been permitted to return in answer to the prayer of my wife.

It was now the month of November; the weather cold, and the wind piercing, and, as I had nothing on but my grave-clothes, I was cold and shivering; I immediately started for my house.

It was early in the evening, a beautiful moon-light night, but everything appeared dreary, and not interesting, compared with the place from whence I had come. I felt that I had returned on an errand of mercy — but that it would have been better for my wife and child to have come to me, than for me to return to them.

As I approached my house I thought it would frighten my wife to first appear in her presence in my grave-clothes. I went to the back part of the house; entered the room where my clothes were kept, and dressed myself in the usual manner, and was all prepared to enter the apartment of my wife, except putting on my cravat. I went to the looking-glass to adjust that, when, to my astonishment and grief, I discovered that, in entering the body, I had made a mistake, and, instead of having my own body, my spirit had become united with that of Colonel A., and that in the face was depicted all the fear, dread, and horror which it had when the body was consigned to the grave. When I discovered this, I threw myself into an arm-chair and wept most bitterly. Never was I before in such agony of mind!

My weeping awakened my wife from her slumber, and she got up to see what was the matter, and while I was sitting in my chair, my face bathed in tears, in the deepest distress, some one shook me by the shoulder and inquired what was the matter? I looked up, and my wife stood by my side, with a candle in her hand. She wiped the tears from my face; I cast my eyes on the clock, and found that it was four o'clock in the morning, and I found I was lying on the sofa where I had gone to bed the evening before, and became conscious that the imagined scenes I had experienced, were all a dream. But the impression of reality was so fixed upon my mind, that I could not be satisfied that my spirit was in my own body, until I had a looking-glass brought, and saw for myself that I still wore my own countenance—and then I became satisfied that the fancied experience of the past few hours was all imagination. Still it made such an impression on my feelings that I gave spe-

cial directions, if I should not survive, that my body should not be buried near the grave of this unfortunate man.

At this writing, over a quarter of a century has passed since the occurrence of that night; but still those fancied scenes are vividly impressed upon my mind, and no incident in my whole life has made such a lasting impression on my feelings as those of that night.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.

BY D. C. BLOOMER.

No. 4.

[Continued from page 142.]

IN January, 1857, an act was passed by the general assembly, amending the charter of the city of Council Bluffs, which greatly enlarged the boundaries of the corporation, and the powers of the city council. The limits of the city were made to embrace a territory about four miles square, and extending westward to the Missouri river. A recorders' court was established, with exclusive jurisdiction over all offences arising under the city ordinances, and with the same jurisdiction in all other cases as justices of the peace, within the corporate limits. The city was divided into five wards, in each of which two aldermen are elected for two years — their terms of office expiring in alternate years.

At the first election held under the new charter, on the 9th day of March, 1857, the whole number of votes cast was three hundred and eighty-nine, and the following officers were chosen:—

Mayor—J. S. Hooton.

Recorder—Frank Street.

Treasurer—S. H. Craig.

Assessor—S. N. Porterfield.

City Marshal—H. J. Barnes.

Aldermen—First Ward, John Graves, C. Eubank; Second Ward, Henry Allen, J. P. Williams; Third Ward, C. Gove, T. P. Treynor; Fourth Ward, J. T. Baldwin, D. S. Nye; Fifth Ward, L. W. Babbitt, and D. W. Carpenter.

The city council appointed George Snyder city attorney, who resigned during the year; when Caleb Baldwin was appointed in his place.

A new code of ordinances was passed during the early half of the year, defining the duties of city officers, providing for the punishment of offences against the peace and good order of the inhabitants, and establishing the grade of the principal streets. The salary of the mayor was fixed at \$300; of the recorder, \$500 and fees, and chief engineer at \$600 per year. Provision was made for licensing billiard tables and ten-pin alleys, on the payment of the sum of twenty-five dollars. Commendable progress was made during the year, in grading and improving the streets and bridges. The wide street known as Broadway, extending from the eastern part of the city, westward to the Missouri river, was this year, for the distance of nearly half a mile, furnished with an excellent side-walk through its principal business sections. This was the first side-walk erected in the city. Much attention began to be given this year to the planting of forest and other trees along the streets, and in the adjacent lots. Those set out in this and subsequent years have grown rapidly, and now embower large portions of the city during the summer season, in their beautiful foliage.

Early in the season, the City Mills, a large, brick structure, were completed and put in operation, furnishing to the farmers of the county a market for their wheat, and supplying the market with an excellent quality of flour. They are situated near the business centre of the city, and under the energetic management of Messrs. J. T. Baldwin and G. M. Dodge, have been kept actively at work for upwards of fifteen years. On the 27th of June quite a sensation was awakened in the city, by the arrival of a large train of

Mormons on their way to Salt Lake City. In the train were thirty wagons, each drawn by four oxen, and the whole party made up a caravan numbering several hundred people—besides “much cattle.”

The township of Crescent was established on the 2d of March, 1857, and the first election held on the 19th of June following, at which one hundred and nine votes were polled. This township was originally settled by the Mormons, soon after they arrived in the county. Here, in 1848, just south of the broad bottom land skirting the valley of Pigeon Creek, in township 76, range 44, they erected a large tabernacle of logs, with two large wings, capable of accommodating five hundred or six hundred people. A mill was also erected near this point by——, and a number of farms opened. When the Mormons left—in 1852–3—they were succeeded by a number of families from Indiana, prominent among whom was William A. Reel, who settled here with his sons in 1852, and erected a very large frame dwelling in a very beautiful locality, in the northern part of the township. He also built a saw-mill, and laid out a town site, to which he gave the name of Americus. Among the other Gentile settlers of the township were Edmund Latham, Joseph Boulden, David Dunkle, and Elkanah Hall. After the location of the line of the Mississippi & Missouri railroad, and the alleged discovery of rock in the bed of the Missouri river at Florence, in Nebraska, which point is just east of Crescent township, a good deal of attention was at once excited toward the latter point, and it was thought by many that the line of the road, instead of following the valley of Muskets, would be deflected westwardly in the northern part of the county, run down the valley of Pigeon creek, and cross the river at Florence. No sooner was the idea started, than a real furore of speculation seized a number of people, and a town site called Crescent City was laid out on sections 24 and 25, in township 76, range 43, on which a considerable village speedily sprang up. Joseph E.

Johnson, the wide-awake editor of the *Bugle*, whose farm was situated a mile or two south of the new city, entered into the scheme with great zeal, and was one of its leading proprietors and principal promoters. Here he issued early in 1856, the first number of the *Crescent City Oracle*, a seven-column weekly newspaper, which he continued to publish for upwards of two years at the same place. Crescent City grew rapidly during the years 1856 and 1857. A large number of frame buildings were erected—some of them were handsome structures. Stores and shops were opened, and a hotel established. A steam saw- and grist-mill was erected, and a school house built and a school opened. A post office was established early in 1857, and Lewis J. Goddard appointed post master. Johnson & Blake, Reel & Dutrow, Samuel Eggleston, William Menry, and Allison & Nutting were the principal business men of the place. But the financial crash of 1857, with the certainty that the Mississippi & Missouri railroad would adhere to its original line to Council Bluffs, was rapidly fatal to the growth and life of Crescent City. Toward the end of 1858 it began rapidly to decline. Johnson removed his printing office to Council Bluffs, and closed his store; others soon followed his example, and by the end of the year 1860, the village was very nearly deserted. A post office has however been maintained, and a population of a hundred or so still cluster around the point where once speculation and business were alike active. A large number of the best buildings have been removed—either to Council Bluffs or to farms in the immediate vicinity. Meantime the township of Crescent, which is twelve miles in length from east to west, and is now crossed from north to south by the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, has steadily grown to form one of the finest farming portions of the county. It is well watered and very well supplied with timber. Its population in 1860 was five hundred and thirty-five, and in 1870 it had increased to one thousand one hundred and seventeen. It has always been largely democratic in politics.

The first number of the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, a weekly newspaper of nine columns, appeared early in May, 1857, proprietors, Maynard and Long; editor, William W. Maynard. It was a handsomely printed and ably edited sheet, and its publication, under various editors and publishers, has been continued to the present time. The *Chromotype* continued to be issued during a part of the year; but, becoming the property of Mr. A. P. Bently, it was converted into a democratic organ, and called the *Democratic Clarion*. Finally, in 1868, the material on which it was printed was removed from the county, and the *Nonpareil* and *Bugle* continued for several years the only papers published in Council Bluffs, with the exception of a few months in 1859, during which a paper called the Council Bluffs *Press* was issued by J. E. Johnson. The *Bugle* was printed daily for about six months during the summer of 1857, but the experiment not proving a profitable one, its daily issue was suspended for several years, and until the war was under way.

On the 19th of June, 1857, a special election was held in the county, at which the question of subscribing three hundred thousand dollars to the stock of the Mississippi & Missouri railroad, was submitted to the electors, to be paid for in bonds of the county, having twenty years to run, and drawing interest payable semi-annually, at the rate of ten per cent per annum — bonds not to be issued unless the then established route and terminus of the road should be retained, nor until work on said road was actually commenced within the limits of the county. Public attention was deeply excited on the subject — especially in the city of Council Bluffs, in which eight hundred and forty-seven votes were polled, all in the affirmative except fourteen; outside of city two hundred and twenty-seven votes in all were cast, of which two hundred and five were in the negative, and twenty-two in the affirmative — leaving a clear majority in the county in favor of subscribing the stock and issuing the bonds, of six hundred and thirty-six. As the bonds were not to be issued until work had actually com-

menced in the county, the question was allowed to rest until the fall of 1858, when an earnest and finally successful effort was made to secure their issuance. For that purpose the promise was made that work should actually be commenced within the limits of the county, and in fact, a few thousand dollars were expended in the Musketo valley in the following spring, in grading about half a mile of the road bed. The county judge, at the time, however, held back from signing the bonds, and it was not until several excited public meetings had been held, and a strong pressure had been brought upon him, that he finally consented to affix his signature. The bonds, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, bearing date the 29th day of January, 1859, were placed in the hands of certain parties in Council Bluffs, but finally they went into the possession of the railroad officials. These disposed of them to the amount of thirty-five thousand dollars and for the interest on the bonds thus sold, heavy judgments have been obtained against the county within the last two years, which the taxpayers are now paying off. The remaining bonds, to the amount of sixty-five thousand dollars, were never placed in the market; but were finally surrendered up to the county in exchange for the stock issued to it by the old Mississippi & Missouri railroad company. Fortunately, these were the only bonds ever issued to any railroad company by Pottawattamie county.

Early in 1857, a subscription was circulated, which amounted in the aggregate, to about ten thousand dollars, and a lot purchased preparatory to the erection of a Presbyterian church in Council Bluffs. This church was first organized in the fall of 1856, under the auspices of the Reverend Mr. Bell, a well known Presbyterian missionary in the west. The first elders of the church were James B. Rue and Thomas Officer. The legal organization dates from February, 1857, when articles of corporation were filed, containing the names of John T. Baldwin, Thomas Officer, James A. Johnson, C. W. Boyers, and W. H. M.

Pusey, as trustees. So far as I have been able to find, Reverend John Hancock, formerly of the state of Kentucky, was the first Presbyterian clergyman who officiated in Council Bluffs. He came here in 1856, an entire stranger. After remaining a few days, he passed over to Bellevue, Nebraska, where he met with the Reverend William Hamilton, the missionary to the Omaha Indians at that place. Returning, he made the acquaintance of Messrs. Officer, Boyers, Rue, and others, and soon after called together the scattered members of the church in the city, and commenced his labors among them. He belonged to the old-school branch of the church, and his pastoral relations continued until the fall of 1860. The erection of a brick church which had been commenced in 1857, was suspended after the walls in the basement had been completed, and was not resumed until 1865; the congregation in the meantime occupying rented rooms, and finally a temporary frame building erected for the purpose, on Pearl street. In the early days of the county, the holding of fairs and festivals was a frequent and successful way of raising money. One of these fairs held on Christmas day and evening, in 1856, by this church, proved remarkably successful, and realized over one thousand dollars to its treasury.

On the first day of August, 1857, the corner-stone of St. Paul's Episcopal church, was laid in Council Bluffs by the Right Reverend Henry W. Lee, the Episcopal Bishop of Iowa. The Reverend George W. Watson was present, and assisted in the services. The people assembled in the Congregational church, and marched in procession to the lot, where the stone was prepared. A brief history of the parish, with the newspapers of the city, a few coins, and some other articles were deposited in the box prepared for the purpose, and over this a large stone was deposited; after which an appropriate address was delivered by the bishop. St. Paul's parish had been organized on the 17th of April, 1856, through the efforts of Reverend E. W. Peet, then of Des Moines, who was the first Episcopal clergyman who

visited Pottawattamie county, or held service within its limits. The first vestrymen of the church were J. B. Beers, Horace Everett, W. C. James, J. P. Casady, D. C. Bloomer, A. Cochran, T. P. Treynor, Samuel Perin, and G. W. Dodge. In the fall the parish was visited for the first time by Bishop Lee, accompanied by the venerable Bishop Kemper, the missionary bishop of the northwest. In February, 1857, the Reverend George W. Watson arrived and took charge of the parish, as missionary. He also had charge of a parish in Omaha, and divided his services equally between them. It was through his influence, and the active zeal of two or three members of the parish, that a lot was purchased, and preparations made for the erection of a church. Nothing further was done toward effecting the object, beyond laying the corner-stone which still stands—just as it was left on the beautiful summer morning in 1857, in which it was laid. A small frame edifice was however erected on the church lot in 1860, which is still used as a place of worship by the congregation. The Reverend G. W. Watson remained in charge of the parish until the spring of 1860.

At the election held in the year 1857, for county officers, the republicans—who were in a decided minority in the county—made no nominations, but the candidates supported by them were mostly elected. D. S. Nye was chosen county judge; W. D. Turner, treasurer and recorder; William Baker, sheriff, and Samuel Perin, county surveyor. The total vote for sheriff, stood as follows: William Baker, two hundred and twenty-three; William L. Biggs, two hundred and twelve; D. B. Clark, one hundred and sixty-six; Egbert Ellsworth, eighty-eight.

At the October election, two hundred and sixty-four votes were given for the new constitution, and four hundred and eighty-one against it. For striking the word "white" out of the suffrage section, seven affirmative votes were cast, and two hundred and fifty-seven in the negative. The *Nonpareil*, the republican organ in the county at this time,

strongly opposed negro suffrage. For governor, Benjamin M. Samuels received four hundred and sixty-three votes, and R. P. Lowe, two hundred and five. For senator, W. H. M. Pusey had four hundred and twenty-six votes; Frank Stut, two hundred and forty-five. For representative, S. H. Casady received four hundred and sixty-two, and J. W. Denison two hundred and four votes. Pusey and Casady were elected. This year the votes in the county were divided among the different townships as follows: Kane, five hundred and four; Centre, sixteen; Crescent, eighty-nine; Knox, fifteen; Rockford, thirty-eight; Walnut, nine; Macedonia, fifteen. During the canvass Messrs. Samuels and Lowe visited the county and held a joint discussion at Council Bluffs.

County Judge D. S. Nye entered upon his office with the promise of making a reform and improvement in the manner of conducting county affairs and county finances; the latter especially, it was charged, had been badly managed by his predecessor, and large amounts of swamp land money loaned upon insufficient securities. But the promises held out, of better things under the new administration, were hardly fulfilled. During the early part of 1859, a tract of land for a poor-farm was purchased, at a price, it was believed, far beyond its true value, and, when the order of the county judge, in making the purchase, was found to be illegal, an act was promptly passed by the general assembly—then in session—confirming his action. Public sentiment in the county at the time was greatly outraged by the proceeding, and some of his sureties having withdrawn from his official bond, Nye, on the first of May, 1858, resigned his office, and its duties thereafter devolved upon J. H. Sherman, the county prosecuting attorney. The latter soon after made an order directing the drainage commissioner to drain the swamp and overflowed lands of the county, and large amounts of money were expended on the work during this and the following year.

The tide of speculation which marked the close of the year 1856, continued in full force in Council Bluffs during the spring and summer of 1857. Sales of lots and lands in and adjoining the town site were frequent, and steadily advancing in price. Lots on the business streets reached to one hundred, and one hundred and fifty dollars per foot, and it seemed as though no one could make a purchase that was too high for some one else to take it off his hands at an increased price. The assessed value of real and personal property within the limits of the town, as returned by the township assessor, amounted on the first day of July, to the large sum of two million two hundred and seventy-six thousand six hundred dollars. As a large proportion of this property consisted of unoccupied town lots and lands, it was, of course, based upon speculative values. Knowing ones looked upon this state of things as altogether unusual, and predicted that a crash must soon come—as indeed it did—but no one cared for these prophets of disaster at that time; money was plenty; lots sold rapidly, and a continued stream of new-comers kept up the delusion, and steadily enhanced the rate at which sales of real estate were made. At the same time a wonderful degree of activity in all branches of business was apparent. The river was in fine condition, and steamers arrived at the landing with goods from below, almost daily. Lumber yards were opened, and building material—always enormously high—was abundant and sold readily. Trade was active, and the merchants were all doing a good business. The emigration across the plains was large, and the demand for corn and country produce was fully equal to the supply, and at high prices. A large number of substantial dwellings were commenced early in the season, and finished before cold weather. Mr. W. C. James purchased the property at the corner of Main and Broadway streets, and commenced, in connection with Milton Rogers and W. B. Lewis, the erection of a new three-story building—since known as the James block. Mr. J. M. Palmer, besides

finishing off the block which bears his name, also began the work on a new two-story building afterwards known as Concert Hall, one of the handsomest ever erected in the city, but which was, after a few years, destroyed by fire. Messrs. John A. Andrews, F. A. Tuttle, and H. C. Nutt made a large purchase of real estate, in the then southern part of the city, and commenced work on a large hotel located about half a mile from the business part of the town. Although the proprietors expended from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars upon it, the structure was never finished, and was finally torn down and the materials used in the erection of other buildings, some years afterwards, and the spot where it stood is now (1872) occupied by the Congregational church.

The banking firms in business in the city this summer (1857), were the following: Officer & Pusey; Green, Weare, & Benton; Baldwin & Dodge; S. H. Riddel & Co.; and J. M. Palmer & Co. Colonel Thomas H. Benton, the resident member of the second firm, erected a fine brick dwelling in one of the glens with which the city abounds; and Messrs. Officer and Pusey each built substantial dwelling houses on the south side of the public square. Mr. Benton also erected a fine banking house on Broadway, into which he moved his office about the first of September. All these bankers, except the first named firm, dealt more or less extensively in Nebraska currency, of which large quantities were afloat in the community. Colonel Benton was president of the American Exchange Bank of Omaha; and also of a similar institution in Bellevue. The failure of these institutions early in the autumn, led to the closing of his own banking house at Council Bluffs. This event occurred on the 25th day of September, and inflicted quite heavy losses upon a number of persons whose money had been deposited with him. Colonel Benton made earnest and persistent efforts to meet his obligations; but many of his banking loans turned out to be nearly or quite worthless, and, after surrendering all these

up to meet his liabilities, together with his homestead, considerable amounts still remained unpaid. His failure was the beginning of financial distress in the whole Missouri slope.

Thenceforward money became less and less abundant. The Nebraska banks one after another went down, and their bills became worthless; and the fever of speculation was, for a long time to come, most decidedly checked. Town lots gradually depreciated in value, and the business of real estate dealers became distressingly dull. Prices fell lower and lower, and in the city of Council Bluffs lots that in 1856-7 sold readily for three thousand or four thousand dollars, could hardly, at the end of four years from that date, be sold for one-fourth of these sums. For reasons, however, which I shall presently notice, the residents of this city never realized the full extent of the financial disaster of 1857, as keenly as some other sections of the country.

Boomer township was organized on the 8th of January, 1858. It is situated on the northern line of the county; is twelve miles long from east to west, and six miles wide from north to south, being town 77, ranges 42 and 43. It is traversed diagonally from the north-east by Pigeon and Honey creeks; and along these considerable settlements were made by the Mormons, as early as 1847-8. The oldest residents of this class were Robert Kent, Samuel Bateman, Joseph Wild, John Macklin, Joseph Beardsley, and William McKeon. They all remained in the county after the general emigration to Salt Lake in 1852, and organized a branch of the Mormon church, opposed to the pretensions of Brigham Young, and recognizing Joseph Smith as their spiritual leader. The church still exists, and has a considerable number of members in the county, and holds its meetings regularly in the different school houses of the township. Joseph Hall, who came into the township in 1852; Z. W. Remington, and William Goodman, in 1854; and Isaac M. Sigler, in 1857, were the first Gentile settlers.

The first township officers elected in 1858, were : —

Samuel Bateman—*Justice of the Peace.*

Isaac M. Sigler—*Town Clerk.*

Henry Givens, Allen Jones, and Joseph Hall—*Trustees.*

James Kent was the first representative of the township on the board of supervisors, serving two years. He was succeeded by Isaac M. Sigler, who served six years. The first school in the township was opened in 1859, in an underground room in Sigler's yard. The township settled up slowly. From the first it was strongly democratic in politics — there being for several years only one republican vote in the township.

The land office at Council Bluffs was reöpened for the sale and entry of government land, on the 23d of February, 1858, by James Pollard, register, and A. H. Palmer, receiver. There was a great crowd of land-buyers in attendance for several months, and the hotels of the city were crowded. Up to the 14th of August, seven hundred and nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine acres had been located with land warrants, and twenty thousand and nine acres entered and paid for with cash. Under the operation of this system nearly all the public lands in southwestern Iowa were, in the course of a few years, disposed of, or granted to the railroads, so that when the homestead law of 1862 was passed, only a very small amount was left for settlement under its benign provisions. In June of that year, James Pollard resigned the office of register, and Lewis S. Hill, who had been a most capable and efficient clerk for several years, was appointed in his place.

The leading land agency firms engaged in business this year were Henn, William, Hooton & Co.; Casady & Test; Baldwin & Dodge; Sam Perin; Loudon Mullin; A. Cochran; Officer & Pusey; and Horace Everett.

At the annual city election in March, 1858, the following city officers were elected : —

Mayor—J. S. Hooton.

Recorder—Frank Street.

Treasurer—C. W. Boyer.

City Marshal—C. W. Bryan.

Aldermen—First Ward, J. B. Lewis and B. Hagg; Second Ward, J. P. Casady; Third Ward, Milton Rogers; Fourth Ward, A. Cochran; Fifth Ward, A. Shoemaker.

The following city officers were appointed:—

City Attorney—C. E. Stone.

City Engineer—Samuel Perin.

City Supervisor—Elias Thornton.

The principal work accomplished during this year by the city council, was the digging of a new channel for Indian creek, a small stream that meandered through the valley in which a portion of the town is built. Like all western streams, its bed was very crooked and quite deep, but, in seasons of high water, it overflowed its banks; often doing much damage to adjoining property. The project of cutting a new channel—by which it was made to run nearly due west, out into the Missouri bottom—had been a favorite one for some time. This year it was finally accomplished, mainly through the exertions and energy of Colonel A. Cochran, a member of the city council. To effect this object, the mill property of Madison Dagger was purchased by the city, and paid for in city bonds, which have since been redeemed; and the locality where the mill and mill race were situated is now nearly all occupied by handsome dwellings. In several law suits which have been brought against the city in subsequent years, for damages alleged to have been caused by the straightening of the creek, the legality and good policy of the work have been fully vindicated. The new channel, beside furnishing a fair supply of water at all seasons of the year, furnishes excellent drainage for the city; and, when the work of properly protecting its banks is completed, its beneficial influence upon the health and convenience of the inhabitants will be still more fully acknowledged.

On the 19th of May, 1858, a convention was held in Council Bluffs, for the purpose of promoting the construction of

a railroad from that city to Saint Joseph. Four counties in Iowa, two counties in Nebraska, and three counties in Missouri were represented by delegates. The proposed railroad was quite fully and favorably considered, and an organization for its construction effected. The first officers of the new company were:—

S. F. Nuckolls—*President*.

Horace Everett—*Vice President*.

S. S. Curtis—*Secretary*.

L. Nuckolls—*Treasurer*.

H. C. Nutt was appointed chief engineer, and he immediately proceeded to make a survey of the portion of the road extending from Council Bluffs to the state line. His first and preliminary report was submitted to the stockholders at a meeting held on the 12th of July following, at which time Enos Lowe, S. F. Nuckolls, B. F. Rector, J. W. Coolidge, L. Nuckolls, L. W. Babbitt, J. S. Jackson, J. D. Test, and A. Cochran, were elected directors for the ensuing year. Mr. Nutt's report was highly favorable to the construction of the road. Very little grading would be required for the road-bed, and only one or two bridges of any importance, on the entire route to the state line.

At the April election in 1858, held in the county, James B. Rue was elected county superintendent of schools, by three hundred and fifty-six votes against two hundred and forty-one for Samuel Eggleston, and nineteen for Thomas Officer. On the 28th of June, the vote for a state bank and for a general banking law was largely in the affirmative. At the August election, J. H. Sherman was elected county judge; C. P. Kellogg, clerk of the district court; and C. P. Smith, coroner. The fourth election this year was held in October, but was not conducted with a great deal of spirit. S. R. Curtis and Henry H. Trimble the opposing candidates for congress, each visited the county and delivered addresses, but the meetings were not largely attended. The result was as follows:—

Trimble.....	451
Curtis.....	242

And the majority for the other democratic candidate was about two hundred. At the same time E. H. Sears was elected district judge, and R. B. Parrott prosecuting attorney of the third judicial district, to which Pottawattamie county belonged. The former was the republican and the latter the democratic candidate; the opposing candidates were J. M. Dews and Samuel Forrey.

Silver Creek township was organized on the 7th of September, 1858. Its name is taken from a beautiful stream of water that runs across its eastern part, and along which the first settlements were made as early as 1848. The old Mormon trail, and subsequent stage road, crossed the creek in section 31, town 74—41, and here a frame dwelling and barn were erected by a man named Mace, in 1850, which were long used as a stage station. The western part of Silver Creek township is crossed by Keg creek, and near the point where this is crossed by the stage road, a settlement was early made by a man named Shaw, who sold out to William Campbell, in 1852. About the same time James M. Putney and Thomas Moffatt settled near the same place. Thomas Moffatt, in December, 1853, made the first entry of land in the township. The next entries were made early in 1854, by Lyman Campbell and Pleasant Taylor. The next settlers in the township were Edward Ward, John Bratten, and J. D. Craven. The township settled up slowly, and, at the time of its organization, had only about a dozen votes. It has at present two school houses within its limits. The population in 1870, by the United States census, was two hundred and thirty-one.

The first exhibition of the Pottawattamie county agricultural society was held at Council Bluffs on the 13th and 14th of October, 1858. The number of entries was quite large, and the display of stock and agricultural productions very encouraging. Caleb Baldwin was president of the society; W. H. Kinman, secretary; and among the exhibit-

ors at the fair, and those most active in promoting its objects, were L. W. Babbitt, D. B. Clark, William Garner, H. A. Terry, J. E. Johnson, M. Turley, and others: Col. Babbitt's famous horse, Cherokee, carried off the first and highest premium of eight dollars. The ladies' tournament on the second day, excited a great deal of interest, and two fine saddles were awarded to the best riders. The ladies who competed for these prizes were, Mrs. Gough, Miss Josephine Biggs, Mrs. Wright, Miss Amy White, Mrs. Milton, Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Delia Jackson. As usual with all public gatherings in those days, a social dance followed in the evening following the second day of the fair, which was largely attended by the citizens, both male and female.

On the morning of the 4th day of December, 1858, Mr. A. D. Long, one of the publishers of the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, was found, frozen to death, in a small creek near the centre of the city, into which he had fallen from an open bridge while on his way to his residence the evening previous. The night had been intensely cold, and it was supposed that he had been so benumbed by the fall that he was unable to extricate himself from the icy channel. This sad event threw a deep gloom over the community. Mr. Long was a warmhearted, steadfast friend, a kind husband and father, and possessed those genial and social traits that endeared his memory to a large circle of friends.

I have already remarked that the people of Council Bluffs were never called upon to realize the full severity of the hard times that followed the financial crash of 1857, as keenly as some other sections of the country. This was principally owing to the tide of emigration that was constantly sweeping across the state of Iowa for the western territories and California. The Missouri river towns, and especially the county seat of Pottawattamie county, were the great outfitting points for a large proportion of these emigrants; hence, trade was active; merchandise sold freely for cash, and the farmer found a good market for his corn

and wheat, and at fair prices. The discovery of gold in Cherry creek, in what is now the territory of Colorado, greatly augmented and increased this traffic. Captain J. H. Smith, a resident of Council Bluffs, is said to have been the first person who found the sparkling metal in the bed of the river in that now famous locality. The first announcement of this discovery was made in the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, on the 11th of September, 1858, and the article had the following heading, in startling capitals:—

“PIKE’S PEAK GOLD DIGGINGS. EUREKA! EUREKA!! GOLD MINES WITHIN 500 MILES. THE BEST ROUTE THITHER. THE YELLOW FEVER SPREADING RAPIDLY. THE ONLY ANTIDOTE—PICK AND SHOVEL.”

And from that time for the next year or two, a large portion of the columns of all the papers published in the country were filled with articles on the new gold regions, and the best route to them. Council Bluffs, Nebraska City, and Saint Joseph were the rival outfitting towns, and the public press of each labored to convince the country that the best and shortest, and most direct road to the diggings lay through its limits. An elaborate map appears in the papers of Council Bluffs, in January, 1859, of the road from Council Bluffs to the Cherry Creek gold mines, of which thousands of copies were published and scattered over the country. A number of residents of Pottawattamie county left for the new gold fields, in the fall of 1858, among whom was Samuel S. Curtis, whose letters appeared regularly in the *Nonpareil*. Reports continued uniformly favorable for several months, and a steady stream of gold-seekers—in spite of the inclemency of the weather—pushed across the plains. Many of these were but poorly provided for the hardships and privations of the way; hundreds, it was asserted, perished from cold and starvation. As the spring of 1859 advanced, the reports were less favorable, and not a few of the newspapers at the east pronounced the whole thing a humbug. In April and May a regular stampede

among the emigrants commenced and hundreds of them recrossed the Missouri on their return. Some of these people were highly indignant at the people and newspapers on the Missouri, who, it was charged, misled them into setting out on their bootless search for gold, and threats of vengeance were sometimes heard. This led timorous people to fear for the safety of their property.

Early in the spring of 1859, William H. Kinsman, a young man of indomitable perseverance, who for several months had been writing for the *Nonpareil*, walked the entire distance from Council Bluffs to Cherry creek. As he marched westward he sent back encouraging letters, which were published in the county papers. He reached the mining region early in June, and his first letter, giving the result of his explorations and observations in the gold region, reached Council Bluffs in mid-summer. It was highly favorable, and produced a great excitement. The *Nonpareil* printing office was illuminated; a band of music paraded the streets, and a crowd gathered in front of Palmer's block where addresses were delivered by Dr. Farmer and others. The announcement of the event in the *Nonpareil* was characteristic, and spread out in flaming capitals, read as follows:—

“LET THE SHANGHAI CROW.” (A grotesque picture of a rooster here followed.)

“LET THE HAWKEYE GROAN. LETTER FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, W. H. KINSMAN, ESQ. THE GOLD OF PIKE'S PEAK NO LONGER A MYTH. OUR FONDEST HOPES REALIZED. GRAND ILLUMINATION. REJOICING OF THE PEOPLE. TRUTH VINDICATED. JUSTICE TRIUMPHANT.”

The expression, “Let the Hawkeye groan,” referred to the course of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, which had, on several occasions, pronounced the whole story about the discovery of gold on Cherry creek a wicked deception and fraud. At the same time, the letters of Horace Greeley, A. D. Richardson, and Henry Vibbard were published, giving also a

highly favorable report of the prospects of the mines in the Pike's Peak regions.

This seemed to settle the question, and indeed, from this time no one was hardy enough to deny the existence of gold in the new mining region. The emigration went steadily forward, and the wagons of the emigrants lined the roads and filled the valleys, during the summer season, of Iowa and Nebraska, until the construction of the Union Pacific railroad furnished a quicker, cheaper, and more convenient mode of travel to the mountains, and the rich mines with which they abound.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY SETTLERS.

BY R. B. GROFF, MARENGO, IOWA.

HENRY SPRAGUE came to this city from his advanced trading-post, some thirty-five miles above this place, on the Iowa river just above what is now called Raven Creek. He had selected this as a point for trading with the Indians. The company consisted of his father, brother, wife, and himself. After having constructed his temporary log shanty, he returned to his former home at Brush Run (now Homestead), for some implement that had been forgotten. A trip there and back (eighty miles) would now be considered quite an undertaking. (When he came back here it was late in the fall of 1848.) It was snowing very fast—large, plushy flakes fell so fast that he feared his progress would be impeded. He tried to buy a pair of snow-shoes from an old Indian here; but, failing in this, he bought some coffee, sugar, and tea at the only store we then had in this place, and started homeward.

After he left this place it ceased snowing; a light, drizzling rain set in, and the snow became soft and slushy. He had nothing on his feet but an old pair of moccasins. Being an excellent walker he made good headway. About four o'clock it commenced growing cold. He was then about ten miles from home. He ran down hill and walked up to keep warm. He found the buckskin moccasins were freezing to his feet. He thought he would stop and take them off; he proceeded to do so, but found on examining his pockets, that he had no knife. He tried to open the firmly tied knots with his teeth. Failing in this, he tried to arise and walk; but found that his feet were so frozen it was impossible to do so. He actually crawled some five miles on his hands and knees, and reached home that night. Unfortunately, they applied warm water to his feet, to get the moccasins off. The consequence was, his feet were ruined. He has hobbled around for the last twenty years, on his knees.

As his wife was about to be confined, they concluded that it would be best to construct a hand-sled, and try to reach home on the Iowa river, on the ice, and abandon their trading-post. Next morning they started on their long journey, following the serpentine course of the river, probably about seventy-five miles.

About ten miles above this place, on the Iowa river, his wife was delivered of a large, healthy boy, which has since grown to be a man. There was no one present that dreary night, but her husband, his father, and brother; the two latter only could render her any aid, and she was more successful than many under similar circumstances, in kingly palaces.

GENERAL JESSE B. BROWN.

BY HAWKINS TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

AMONG the early settlers in Iowa, and especially in Lee county, none was better known, none more prominent, than General Jesse B. Brown. The general, in personal appearance, was remarkable — six feet seven inches tall in his stocking feet, as straight as an arrow, and in polished politeness — when sober — had no superior. Never forgot a name, nor its locality, nor the peculiar characteristics of the most casual acquaintance. When in his cups, there was no act of daring recklessness that he would not do. It was the wonder of himself and friends, that he escaped with his life, through his many reckless, dare-devil freaks.

General Brown was born in Christian county, Kentucky, about the beginning of this century. His father was a man of fair ability, excellent character, and independent means, a Baptist preacher of the hard-shell, iron-side order, did not preach for pay; did not believe in temperance societies, Bible societies, missionary societies, nor in Sunday schools; was ready to take his wine with any respectable citizen — unless at the communion table, where he admitted none but of the hard-shell order.

When a young man, Jesse B. removed to Illinois, and was for years clerk of the court of Edgar county. He commanded a company of rangers during the Black Hawk war, and was appointed captain of the first regiment dragoons in the regular army, August 15th, 1833. Montrose at the head of the De Moines rapids, was located as a military post, and this regiment ordered to that point. Probably no better material ever entered the army than this new company. This regiment of dragoons supposed that they would be engaged mainly in exploring what was then a western wilderness, but now the states of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. When located at

Montrose, they had to build their own quarters and barracks, out of logs—all the lumber used had to be brought from Pittsburgh by boat.

About this time B. S. Roberts, who has figured since in several wars, and who has the reputation of being the brightest and sharpest man that West Point ever educated, was then fresh from West Point. Benny was the acting commissary of the post. The soldiers were mainly from the west, and knew all about building log houses; while Benny had never seen one built in his life, probably. The fort was beautifully located; the officers' quarters near the river, and the barracks for the soldiers on the high ground, with a double "L" running toward the river, leaving a beautiful piece of ground in the centre. The men had got one row of huts ready for the roof, when little Benny, in all the glory and pride of young West Point, discovered that *there were no doors cut into the rooms*. He at once ordered them torn down, and doors cut out. The soldiers tried to explain that they had notches in the logs; that they could put in a cross-cut saw, and saw out the doors when the roof was on; but West Point could hear no explanation. But, fortunately, when a part had been torn down, Captain Brown came along and stopped the work, and ordered them put up again as at first, much to the disgust of the young lieutenant. But Roberts fought gallantly in the Mexican war, and became a general during the late unpleasantness, and is now in Washington on the retired list. But I am sorry to say that he is not happy. He invented the best gun for killing people, that has ever been invented—as he says—but the war department will not adopt it; and worse than that, he had made a bargain with the Remingtons to manufacture his arms, and sell them to the French to be used in their late war with Germany; but just as the manufacturing commenced, the war department went to work and sold all of their old guns to the Remingtons, and thus defeated the sale of his—to the discredit of the war department, and the ruin of the French—as Benny

fully believes. Then, there is a law of congress against any officer prosecuting a claim before the war department. But, worst of all, Horace Greeley may be elected president, and after that all is to be peace, and no further use for guns. Horrible!

I could fill a book with laughable scrapes of Brown's while in the army; one I will give.

As before stated, his company was composed of good material — mainly young men of character, and while in the saddle, exploring the new world, were content; but when confined to barrack life, under the strictest discipline, they soon tired and many deserted. A batch of some half-dozen went off, crossing the Mississippi river on the ice. Brown followed them, spending a day and a couple of nights at Capt. Knapp's, in Ft. Madison. He was on one of his high benders; it was getting late in the winter and the ice on the river was so soft that no one had dared to venture on it for several days. But Brown swore that he would cross. He was on a powerful horse, and no Camanche Indian ever rode a horse better than he did. He had drunk enough to make him perfectly reckless. He went on to the ice in full run, and so crossed the river. All of the people of the town, not many at that time, however, stood on the bank, breathless, expecting every jump of the horse to be his last. When Brown had crossed the channel, and was out of danger, he turned and waved his plume to the relieved spectators, and gave a few Indian yells and rode off. He followed the deserters to Rushville, Illinois, where he lost them.

Rushville was settled mainly by Kentuckians, many of them acquaintances of Brown's, and generally of the hard-shell Baptist persuasion. The town had a good tavern for that day, a good drinking place close by, where groceries of all kinds were sold, and whisky was sold by the tin-cup, after the good old Kentucky style, and, as the season was dull, the people had little else to do than go to town and drink. Brown enjoyed himself hugely for several days, in getting the grocery full of people and supplying them with

whisky. At ninepence a tin-cup, a little money goes good way, and the General soon became the most popular man in all that region, his fame spreading day by day, and his customers continually increasing. In looking around the grocery, he had discovered behind the counter, an empty powder-keg. When the General felt that the thing had run long enough, he got out his horse in the morning, to leave, but went over to the grocery and found it chuck full, all rejoiced to see him; but instead of treating the crowd as before, the general walked behind the counter, took up the powder-keg, opened the stove door, and, with a terrible oath, swore that he thought that population had lived long enough, and threw the powder-keg into the stove. No crowd ever made haste more quickly to get out the store than did that one. When they had all got out — without any reference to their manner of going — the General walked out, mounted his horse, gave a few Indian yells, and galloped off.

In the spring of 1837, the General resigned his commission, and moved to Fort Madison. He had opened a large store at that point previously; but the general break-up of that year that was so fatal to the business men south and west, broke him. It was a sad blow to his sensitive nature, and more sad to his proud family, leaving them poor and helpless.

In 1838, the General was elected a member of the council of the first Iowa territorial legislature, running ahead of his ticket — in fact, he was the only candidate that was elected on the ticket that he ran upon. At the meeting of the legislature he was elected president of the council, and since then there has never been a more successful presiding officer of the territorial council or state senate than Brown made that winter, notwithstanding, the session commenced in a fight with Conway, the secretary of the territory, a dissipated, wild, talented, educated Irishman, and ended in a fight with the governor. The fight with the secretary was about pen-knives, and with the governor about the ap-

pointment of a few notaries, and a general or two. The sort of generals — like Cary, of Michigan, made famous by Tom Corwin — the whole thing was worse than a farce, and was kept up by a few men on each side for spite. Brown had no heart in the fight, and, as presiding officer, gave entire satisfaction to both sides. Politically, Brown was a follower of Henry Clay, then a republican, but never a bitter partizan.

Fort Madison was one of the handsomest and most prominent towns in the territory for many years, and has always been one of the solid, steady-going towns. She was one of the towns laid off and sold by act of congress. From 1835 to 1837, speculation in town lots ran high, and a great deal of money was made and lost in the operation. One of the operators was Benjamin Brattain, now in Oregon. Ben had some town lots after the break-up in 1837; was lazier than the laziest man that you could name; had little education, but was good-natured and kind, and always reading — but if he ever had an idea that Ed Johnston did not furnish him with, no one ever heard of it.

One day when the General was running a good head of steam, he found Ben in the Madison house, in his usual seat, reading. The General took a large pin, and walked up to Ben, stretched out his ear, and run the pin through it, leaving it in the ear. Ben sprang to his feet, took up his chair, and made for the General. Brown straightened himself up to his full height, and, with an astonished and injured look, demanded with terrible oaths, what Ben meant. Brattain called his attention to the condition of his ear. Brown, with still greater surprise, swore the country was coming to a nice condition when a man could not take little liberties with his friends, without their getting mad about it. Ben quietly took out the pin from his ear, acknowledged satisfaction, and went to reading again.

On one occasion during one of the numerous county-seat contests in Lee county, Guy Wells and Brown were sent as a committee to Montrose to secure the Mormon vote for

Fort Madison. Brown was always a favorite with the Mormons. Their conveyance was the box-trap stage of that day. Brown and Wells occupied the back seat; on the seat next in front was a rough specimen, who made himself offensive by boasting of his many Indian, and other brave exploits. Brown was in a mellow mood, and, after standing the fellow's boasting as long as he could, he turned to Wells and enquired if he ever heard of how he had served a Camanche chief during the expedition of the dragoons into this country, years before. Wells said that he never had, when Brown went into a minute account of the quarrel, at the end of which he hit the chief with his fist, "knocking him heels over head," and suiting the action to the word, he hit the fellow such a blow in the short-ribs that it knocked him breathless, to the front of the stage under the driver's feet. The driver stopped and drew the fellow up, when Brown, with the kindest words, inquired if he was hurt, assuring him that he was merely illustrating his story. As soon as the fellow could speak, he informed the General that in future, when illustrating *that story*, he hoped that he would find some other subject than himself to illustrate upon. They were no more troubled with Indian stories from that fellow, that trip.

General Brown had no capacity for ordinary money-making trades or business. No man had a keener relish for the pleasures and enjoyments that money gives a man; yet he had no more capacity to husband it than a child. If he had possessed the wealth of an Astor, all his friends and those about him would have been rich as long as his money lasted; the result was, that from his failure in business in 1838, to his death in 1864, his life was a life of poverty, and much of the time, real want of the ordinary necessities of life; but, during all that time, I never heard him complain of Providence or the world. He always attributed his want of success to his own faults. In his drinking, he was not like other men; when he drank, it was a wild spree—while it lasted, probably but a few days, but sometimes

running into weeks; then he would not drink a drop for months, and I am sure no person ever tried harder to restrain himself from doing evil than did Brown to keep out of these sprees. Those that were intimate with him could tell when they were coming on, by his restlessness. He could not be still until night, and then he would surrender to his old enemy, and none knew the infamous character of the enemy better than Brown, himself.

Nearly one-third of Lee county is included in what is known as the "Half-Breed tract." This tract had been given in treaty by the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians, to the half-breeds of their tribe. Speculators soon bought out the interest of these half-breeds; bought mostly by a New York company and parties in Saint Louis. In the spring of 1841, the Lee county district court, Charles Mason, judge, made a decree dividing these lands into one hundred and one shares. With one or two exceptions, the claimants all lived outside of Lee county. The settlers on the tract repudiated this claim, and unitedly organized for mutual defense and protection against the claimants under the decree, and, constituting about one-third of the voters of the county, they were a political force. It was claimed by them that the survey of the tract was wrong; that, in place of there being one hundred and nineteen thousand acres, there were, honestly, but twenty or thirty thousand at most, and that of right, the balance was government land, and they petitioned congress for the passage of a law authorizing a resurvey. General A. C. Dodge was then the delegate in congress, from the territory, and he succeeded in getting a law passed by congress, for a resurvey. This was glad tidings for the settlers; but no survey was made, and the next session of congress repealed the law.

General Dodge, who was, probably, the most popular and efficient delegate that has ever been in congress, from any of the territories, opposed the repeal; but the New York and Saint Louis interests were too powerful for him, and beside it was shown that the old survey was correct, and gave the claimants under the decree vested rights that con-

gress could not disturb. This was a hard blow on the settlers, and it came just at the time of the state organization.

The settlers were made to believe that the repeal of the law was all the fault of the delegate; that he was out at a horse race when the repealing bill passed, etc., etc.; the result was, that there was an anti-Dodge party organized in Lee county, that elected the entire legislative and county ticket—electing James Sproat and Jacob Henner to the senate; Jesse B. Brown, William Street, and W. J. Cochran, whigs, and Josiah Clifton and Reuben Couler, democrats, to the house.

It so happened that the three democrats from Lee county held the balance of power in the legislature. At the meeting of the legislature, Brown was elected speaker. In caucus, the democrats nominated A. C. Dodge and Judge Wilson, of Dubuque, for senator. The whigs, with the three anti-Dodge democrats, met in caucus and nominated Jonathan McCarty, a distinguished Indian war carpet-bagger, who claimed Keokuk as his home, and Jacob Hume, for the senate. *Not a single member in the caucus, but the three anti-Dodge democrats, wanted either McCarty or Hume for senator;* but the party feeling was so strong that the whigs stood by their nominations, with the single exception of Dr. Fulenwider, of Des Moines, who voted for Browning, his senatorial colleague, in place of McCarty—McCarty lacking but the single vote, of an election.

The joint convention adjourned without an election, and did not meet again during the session. There was not then, as now, any act of congress requiring an election of senators on a particular day. Their failure to elect senators created the most intense excitement that I ever saw.

General Dodge was at this time the political idol of his party; his election as senator was desired above all things else, politically. Brown was speaker of the lower house, and had a set of friends that was disposed to make any sacrifice to serve him; the result was, that a few of the friends of Dodge and Brown organized a scheme to make Dodge and Brown the senators. It was found that it could

be done if Brown would give his consent to the arrangement; but when he was approached on the subject, he positively refused to be a party to the arrangement — insisting that in caucus he had pledged his honor to stand by the nominees of the caucus, and that he meant to do it in good faith. A very distinguished democratic friend of General Dodge, and an old personal friend of Gen. Brown, went all the way to Galena, in the middle of winter, by land, to get Judge Thomas Brown, one of the judges of the court of appeals of the state of Illinois, and brother of General Brown, to influence the General to join in the arrangement to make himself and Dodge the senators. Judge Brown wrote the General, urging him at once to accept, and telling him that it was a crime to his family for him not to accept; and he then went on to depict the condition of his family: His wife was dead: his eldest daughter nearly grown; another daughter that soon would be grown, and the youngest, a poor child ten years old, and afflicted with epileptic fits so that her mind was almost destroyed — all needing care and attention such as he was not able to give them in his condition of poverty. To be elected United States senator at once gave him and his family position in society, and also money to care and provide for them. The letter was written to touch the General's pride of family, and also to sting him in his poverty. This letter Brown read to me — the tears running down his cheeks, and swearing at his brother for too cruelly bringing home to him the poverty-stricken condition of his afflicted family. The letter had no influence upon Brown; he said his honor was at stake, and to betray his honorable pledge, for his own benefit, was to disgrace himself, and, after that, life would be useless to him. How many politicians would refuse a senatorship now, when they could get it by breaking a caucus pledge? General Dodge was then delegate in congress, and at Washington, and did not know of this attempt to elect him and Brown; if he had, I am fully satisfied that he would have repudiated the arrangement, just as Brown did.

The year following, Brown was the whig candidate for

Congress in the first district, and, strange to say, McCarty, for whom he had given up a seat in the United States senate, stumped the district against him, in favor of William Thompson, of Mount Pleasant, one of McCarty's most bitter opponents, of the winter before. Brown ran ahead of his party, but was beaten by a few hundred votes. If McCarty had supported him, he would have been elected.

A few years later, when the Honorable Daniel F. Miller was in congress, he had the General appointed visitor to West Point. The General's friends furnished him a suit of clothes, and he did not drink a drop of liquor during the trip; and no man made a finer appearance at West Point, than he did, nor commanded more respect.

The General was for many years a justice of the peace in Keokuk. He paid little attention to the law, but always decided what he believed to be right. On one occasion a young medical student was arrested for not marrying a young lady, as he had promised to do and ought to have done a good while sooner. The college had closed, and the young man was about to leave without the wedding. Brown was in a good mood to enforce justice, when the young man was brought before him. The justice asked him if he had not promised to marry the girl present. The answer was in the affirmative. "Why the hell have you not done it?" said Brown, and at once ordered a friend of the young lady to go for the license. When the license was brought, the judge ordered them to stand up and lock hands, when he married them—the student quietly acting the part of bridegroom.

In 1858 or 1859, the General went to live with his second daughter, who had married and lived in Covington, Kentucky. In 1860, he voted, with one or two hundred others, for Mr. Lincoln for president, and during the winter of 1860–61, was an intense Union man. In the latter part of the winter—or early in the spring, when secession ran the highest—the general met in a large party of gentlemen, and most of them secessionists, Greene Clay Smith, with a ribbon in his button-hole that Brown took to be an em-

blem of secession. That was too much for him; that a relative of Henry Clay — his political idol — should be in favor of destroying the Union. He at once commenced cursing Smith for disgracing his Clay blood. Smith, in telling me about it, said that he had heard refined, eloquent, and bitter swearing before, but nothing that he had ever heard before equaled Brown. The eloquence of the language and manner captivated him. As soon as Brown had exhausted himself and stopped, Smith told him that he was as good a Union man as Brown was. Brown at once grabbed his hand; tore the ribbon out of the button-hole, and pinned on a rosette, and told Smith to wear it — which he did, bringing down the curses of his secession neighbors to such an extent that he had to enter the Union army for self-protection. Brown at once became the leader of Smith's friends, and knocked down a good many of the chivalry. Smith said that Brown would never hit but once, and then he was almost sure to bring down his man, when his friends would take the fight off his hands.

Brown did not live to see the glorious end of the infamous rebellion.

Poor, noble-hearted friend! What I have written has been written without fee or hope of reward, and, most probably, it will never be read by a single relative of Brown's. If the General had used his talents to enrich himself at other people's expense — as many others have done — and thereby grown rich, few people would have inquired how the wealth came — how many people, and better people than himself, had been ruined in obtaining it — how many widows and orphans had been robbed — and besides, he would have had no trouble, for *small pay*, in having a rose-tinted life written, even by a Parton. But Brown was poor, his sympathies were with the poor, and he died in poverty. Verily he must have his reward in the world to which he has gone — or it will be hard indeed, on some others when they leave this world, where fraud too often gives wealth.

REPORT OF CAMPAIGN AGAINST MAJOR GENERAL STERLING PRICE, IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1864.

[Continued from page 631, No. 3, Vol. IX., July, 1871.]

Attack on Fayetteville.

CAMPING in mud, rain, and snow, at dark on the evening of the 3d, at Cross Hollows, I was nearly overcome with fatigue, illness, and the perplexing orders which I have mentioned.

My troops had built fires in the woods and began to enjoy themselves, when, about midnight, messengers arrived from Fayetteville informing me of Price's attack of that post, and Col. Harrison's successful holding against fearful odds, and his earnest desire for help.

This post, 18 miles in my advance, was commanded by Col. M. La Rue Harrison, of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry, with about 1,100 militia and volunteers, constituting the garrison. Substantial earth works had been erected, and although far from supporting forces, it had for several weeks, especially during the previous ten days, been in a state of siege, and the troops were on half rations.

Price's main forces halted at Cane Hill, sending General Fagin, with 8,000 men and two pieces of artillery, to take the forces and supplies of Col. Harrison. Their operations commenced on the 3d, and after investing the town, they cannonaded the Fort for several hours with very little effect. The storm, timidity of the rebels, and the gallant bearing of the garrison, prevented a charge on the works, which the rebel officers tried to make, but with the close of the day they withdrew and went into camp around the town.

I had sent a small party which had got into the Fort during the night. Meantime Col. Harrison's messengers reached me at Cross Hollows about midnight. As soon as my troops could be fed and collected I hurried forward with

my little force, determined to make the best showing I could for the benefit of the garrison. The enemy not knowing my force, but doubtless supposing I was coming with all my former numbers, made a hasty retreat during the night, his rear guard leaving as my advance arrived, about 11 o'clock, Nov. 4th.

A portion of the rebel troops separating from Price's main force, went eastward, under Freeman, following down the White river, leaving their broken guns in disgust, and probably disbanding near Huntsville. The main force, however, moved rapidly back to Cane Hill, and joined Price's main army, which was collecting cattle and other supplies at that place.

The accompanying report of Col. Harrison is interesting, giving an account of his perilous position and gallant deportment for some time before my forces came to his relief.

I sent the following dispatch:

"FAYETTEVILLE, Friday, Nov. 4, 1864, 12 M.

"MAJ. GEN. HALLECK:

"Price's forces attacked and shelled this place, but retreated at the approach of my command. Col. Harrison reports his loss as trifling. He will join me in pursuit as you direct. The enemy lost several, including one officer. He has divided, but seems to aim at a crossing of the Arkansas, above Fort Smith.

"S. R. CURTIS, *Maj. Gen'l.*"

I sent a similar telegram to General Rosecrans, and forwarded another lot of prisoners to him in charge of Lieut. Quinby.

Continuance of the Pursuit below Fayetteville, Arkansas.

The broken lines of the enemy at Fayetteville made it difficult to ascertain the route of Price's main force, and detained me nearly a day.

During this delay, and pursuant to your directions, I ordered Col. Harrison to join me with a portion of his force, leaving Captain Dodge's Battery, which was nearly broken

down, and the remainder of the garrison, sufficient, in my judgment, for the safety of the place, while we continued to press Price's general movement beyond.

Giving Col. Harrison the advance, we moved forward on the 5th, our force now amounting to about 3,500. During the day I received a note from General Sanborn, dated the 4th, at Cassville, explaining the order of the previous day to Col. Benteen as not being his "design to withdraw him from the face of the enemy, or from your support, but expecting him to be near Cassville, where I was expecting to be in person to-day.

"He will remain with you if Price is still in your front. My information is that his army has gone into the Nation. I will have positive knowledge in a day or two. General McNeil's brigade is a few miles in the rear, and will come forward at once, if there is any prospect of meeting the enemy.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"JNO. B. SANBORN,

"*Brig. Gen'l, Com'd'g.*"

This showed me clearly that no other reinforcements were within supporting distance, and my boldness of pursuit must compensate for want of numbers, judging rightly that the enemy would not, in his flight, ascertain the relation of my troops to those in my rear.

Crossing the Illinois river, I camped for the night at Prairie Grove battle ground. During the day we found plenty of cattle, which now became the only food for most of my troops. Very little forage for horses could be obtained, and the country beyond was still more destitute.

We left Prairie Grove at daylight on the 6th, driving scattering rebels out of Cane Hill, and taking and paroling a large number of sick and broken down rebel prisoners. Price had secured supplies of cattle at this place, and his troops had commenced erecting huts, with the evident sup-

position that he would remain some time. Col. Benteen's scouts attacked and killed some of the enemy's scouts, or rear guard, killing two or three, and capturing the old flag of Gen. Blunt's escort, which the rebels took at the massacre of Baxter Springs. Benteen lost two or three in this skirmish. We went into camp about 5 o'clock, p. m., near the ground occupied by Price's forces the previous night.

Nov. 6th we made an early start, following the well marked trail of Price's army. His camp fires extended for miles, and I counted over a hundred heads of cattle that had been slaughtered and the meat distributed among his troops. We pressed forward during the day and most of the night, when we ascertained the enemy had departed westward from the line road, taking the valley of a beautiful little stream called the Salisas, which bears south-west through a portion of the Cherokee Nation. Halting and grazing our horses on cane and coarse grass, which we found on the valley of this stream. We were evidently close on the enemy's rear, and my order of march for the 7th was carefully arranged for battle. Col. Benteen in advance, Gen. Blunt's division following next, Col. Harrison's force followed this division, and Major Ketner, 16th Kansas Cavalry, commanded escort, and all that appertained to the Commissary train.

Nov. 7th, we started at daylight, our route leading through the woods and on bye-roads, in a south-west direction. Horses, wagons, and property stolen from Missouri marked the way, which we followed until late at night, and remained until the morning.

Among other articles, a carriage, said to be the one occupied by Price himself, was passed on the way side, and everything showed a hasty and terrified retreat. Our curiosity, usual on such occasions, hurried the advance forward, hoping to overtake the enemy. About dark we came upon a cannon which he had left in the road, and after a few miles more darkness and a necessity to close up my forces induced another halt.

We had very little chance to feed ourselves or horses, and resumed the march early on the 8th, uncertain of our whereabouts, but confident of the enemy's near presence, as the prairie was still burning, and his broken down mules, horses, and baggage, were again broadcast over his well defined way. Col. Harrison now had the advance, and pushed forward with great vigor to the timber far in our advance, which proved to be the timber skirting the Arkansas river. A few of the rebel rear guard were driven beyond the stream, and bringing up McLain's battery we shelled the timber on the south side. Some of our troops crossed over and exchanged a few shots as they supposed with the last of Price's army.

Our work was accomplished, and the shout that went up from the "Army of the Border," and the roar of our cannon, resounded through the gloomy forests of the Arkansas, carrying to the camp of the starving enemy beyond our parting farewell.

This crossing, selected by Standwaitie's Indians, is a little above the mouth of the Salisas, about twenty-five miles above Fort Smith.

A prisoner taken by the enemy, who had escaped or been discharged, a Reverend, and perfectly reliable gentleman, gave the particulars of the enemy's condition. His troops were so destitute of provisions, an officer being begged by a soldier for an ear of corn, was told he had not a grain to give him. The elm trees, for miles, had been stripped to furnish food for the starving multitude.

An officer of the rebel army, whom we paroled at Cane Hill, said that at Lexington Price's force was thirty-seven thousand, but now he thought they had lost in killed, wounded, and missing, from eight to ten thousand. All my information was to the effect that the enemy was over twenty thousand strong, but many of his troops were volunteers and conscripts picked up by the way, and were only partially armed.

The reports of my militia forces are so imperfect, and

those of others also, I cannot give any correct idea of my own losses, either at each battle or in the aggregate.

I was obliged to immediately separate my troops and start them homeward in different columns, so as to collect scattering cattle, and the best grass, to save our men and horses from greater suffering. The reports of my subordinates and that of my Medical Director in the field, show that our killed, wounded, and prisoners, during the campaign, may have reached 1,800 or 2,000.

We nowhere stopped to bury our dead or take care of the wounded, feeling confident we left them with their friends, where their wives, mothers, and sisters could safely render them the kind offices so justly due to those who fell in this struggle for their homes and their country.

Before separating from the gallant 3,500 that had accompanied me from the Missouri to the Arkansas, and from Newtonia, a distance of two hundred miles, been my only comrades in this eventful pursuit, I issued the following congratulatory order, a copy of which I sent you as soon as possible after my return to the settlements.

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE BORDER, }
CAMP ARKANSAS, Nov. 8th, 1864. }

GENERAL FIELD ORDER.

The object of this organization and campaign is accomplished. The rebel army under Gen. Sterling Price has been confronted, beaten in several conflicts, pursued and driven over three hundred and fifty miles, from the Missouri to the Arkansas.

This has been the work of fourteen days. Your marches have been incessant, sometimes for days and nights, in rain and snow, and generally on short rations, gathered from the herds lost by the enemy.

Your privations, toils, and gallantry, deserve the highest commendation, and the success of the campaign in which you have so gloriously participated, most of you from the beginning to the end, must entitle you to the thanks of

your government, and the gratitude of the loyal people of our country. Your losses are considerable, but nothing in comparison with those of the enemy, who admits of a loss in killed, wounded, and missing. of eight or ten thousand. All his cannon, too, a large portion of his small arms, his vast wagon train, loaded with spoils, and herds of cattle and horses, have been left, burned, and scattered in the way of your pursuit.

His army of twenty or thirty thousand is converted into an unarmed, disorganized mob, destitute of everything, starving with hunger, and far from supplies. Their condition is indeed so desperate as to excite pity rather than exultation.

But the greatest achievement of the campaign is the driving of a desperate class of vagrant associates of rebels so far from your homes and the states you defend. Besides this, your stern resistance and close pursuit saved the towns and garrisons of Kansas City, Olathe, Paola, Fort Scott, Fayetteville, Fort Smith, and Fort Gibson, and the valuable public stores of those places; besides checking ulterior purposes of slaughter and desolation contemplated by the invasion of Kansas. But it would tarnish the brilliancy of your achievements to claim this for yourselves alone, without acknowledging with gratitude the share borne in the brunt of the contest by the troops of Missouri and the militia of Kansas, who shared our dangers, and because of their greater numbers, especially deserve more of the honors due to the conflicts of the 24th, 25th, and 28th of October.

But to you, including the brigade of Col. Benteen, who have shared in most of these battles, and continued throughout the long, weary pursuit to the dark and turbid waters of the Arkansas, where your guns thundered in the rear of the starving, terrified enemy, must be accorded the special commendation of the Commanding General, and the generous approval of your country.

The special honors due to distinguished comrades in this campaign will be carefully presented by the Commanding

General in his proper report to Headquarters at Washington; and to secure the most exact justice to so many deserving commendation, Commanders of Divisions, Brigades, Detachments, and Staff Officers, will make full reports, directed to Headquarters, Fort Leavenworth, at their earliest convenience.

In parting, the General tenders to the officers and soldiers, for their generous support and prompt obedience to orders, and to his Staff, for their unceasing efforts to share the toil incident to the campaign, his heartfelt thanks.

The pursuit of Price in 1864, and the battles of Lexington, Little Blue, Big Blue, Westport, Marias-des-Cygnés, Osage, Charlot, and Newtonia, will be borne on the banners of the regiments who shared in them, and the states of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Arkansas, may glory in the achievements of their sons in this short but eventful campaign.

The First Division, commanded by Gen. Blunt, will move from the camp according to special instructions.

The Brigade of Col. Benteen will return to his proper corps command, by such route as he may consider most economical and advantageous to the government.

Col. Harrison will report to Gen. Steele at his earliest convenience.

Col. Ford, with his command, will accompany the Commanding General to his Headquarters, Fort Leavenworth.

By command of

MAJOR GENERAL CURTIS.

C. S. CHARLOT, *Ass't Adj't Gen'l.*"

Return from the Pursuit of Price.

As directed in your dispatch of the 28th of October, Price had been pursued beyond the Arkansas, carrying away with him the murderers, marauders, and bushwhackers that infested Missouri, Arkansas, and Kansas.

He entered Missouri feasting and furnishing his troops on the rich products and abundant spoils of the Missouri

valley, but crossed the Arkansas destitute, disarmed, disorganized, and avoiding starvation by eating raw corn and slippery elm bark.

Having thus disposed of our foes, my forces being separated, made their way in several lines, scouring the country for cattle and hogs, their only means of subsistence. The grass also being entirely killed by the frost, afforded poor sustenance for horses, and rendered it necessary for us to walk much of the way, and make short marches, until we reached the vicinity of Fort Scott, where I arrived on the 15th, and taking more rapid conveyance reached my Headquarters, Fort Leavenworth, on the 18th of November.

I here received your dispatch of the 7th, which is as follows:

“WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7th, 1864.

MAJOR GEN'L CURTIS:

In the Field:

The Secretary of War directs that you assume command of all the troops belonging to the Department of Missouri, and now serving on the west border of that State, and pursue Price towards the Arkansas river, or till he reaches the troops of Gen. Steele or Gen. Reynolds.

Having completed this duty you will return the troops to their respective commands.

You will furnish a copy of this order to the several commanders, and also to Gen. Rosecrans.

Regiments, or fractions of regiments, belonging to Department of Arkansas will be sent to Gen. Steele.

H. W. HALLECK, *Chief of Staff.*”

This order, as you perceive was issued at Washington the day before I reached the Arkansas river, and far from mails and telegraphic communication, yet seems to cover all my orders and movements, down to my order of the 8th, distributing the troops that had shared in the final pursuit. Thus terminated my last campaign against the rebel Gen. Price, in 38 days.

The distance traveled, going and returning, including the various marches and countermarches of Headquarters of the "Army of the Border," is about eight hundred and fifty miles.

In conclusion, although I have specially commended most of my comrades who ought to be prominently named, yet I here again present the Roll of Honor, which I hope may be transmitted to posterity, and ask for the generous sympathy of their countrymen, and from their government the advancement due to those who have gained victories, conquered armies, saved cities, and increased the great aggregate of glorious achievements which are crushing the rebellion.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Major General James G. Blunt, U. S. V.

" " Alfred Pleasanton, U. S. V.

" " Geo. W. Deitzler, Kansas State Militia.

Brigadier General John McNeil, U. S. V.

" " John B. Sanborn, U. S. V.

" " W. H. M. Fishback, Kansas State Militia.

Colonel James H. Ford, 2d Colorado Cavalry Volunteers.

" Charles R. Jennison, 15th Kansas Cavalry Volunteers.

" Charles W. Blair, 14th " " "

" Thomas Moonlight, 11th " " "

" M. LaRue Harrison, 1st Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers.

" George A. Veal, 2d Kansas State Militia.

" G. A. Colton, 5th Kansas State Militia.

" James Montgomery, 6th Kansas State Militia.

" Wm. D. McCain, 4th Kansas State Militia.

" Wm. Pennock, 10th Kansas State Militia.

" L. S. Treat, 12th Kansas State Militia.

" A. C. Hogan, 19th Kansas State Militia.

" Sandy Lowe, 21st Kansas State Militia.

Lieutenant Colonel F. W. Benteen, 10th Missouri Vol. Cavalry.

" " George H. Hoyt, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

" " Samuel Walker, 16th " " "

Major J. Nelson Smith, 2d Colorado Cavalry (killed).

" James Ketner, 16th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry.

" Martin Anderson, 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry.

" I. L. Prichard, 2d Colorado Cavalry.

" E. G. Ross, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

" Henry Hopkins, 2d Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

Major A. W. Pearce, commanding 4th Iowa, and wounded at battle of Osage.

Captain G. L. Gove, Co. "G," 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry (who commanded my body guard in early part of campaign, and died from effects of exposure).

" P. Cosegrove, Co. "G," 2d Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

Lieutenant Gill, Co. "G," 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, who commanded a battery of howitzers attached to my escort.

Sergeant Shoenacker (same Company, who served with these guns).

I desire to specially mention my own regular Staff, for gallant services in almost every field.

Major T. J. Weed, A. D., A. D. C.

" T. J. McKenny, A. D. C. and Inspector General.

" C. S. Charlot, Assistant Adjutant General.

" S. S. Curtis, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry, and A. D. C.

" R. H. Hunt, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, and Chief of Artillery.

Captain E. J. Meeker, Chief Signal Officer.

Lieutenant G. T. Robinson, Chief Engineer.

" C. M. Roberts, Signal Officer.

" J. R. Fitch, Staff and Acting Chief Quartermaster.

My Volunteer Staff were all active in the field and elsewhere.

Hon. James H. Lane, A. A. D. C.

" S. C. Pomeroy, A. A. D. C.

Colonel W. P. Cloud, 2d Kansas Vol. Cavalry, A. A. D. C.

" John Ritchie, 1st Regiment Indiana H. G., A. A. D. C.

" Samuel J. Crawford, 1st Regiment Kansas Colored, A. A. D. C.

" W. T. Roberts (formerly of 1st Kansas), A. A. D. C.

Lieutenant Colonel J. B. Wheeler, 13th Kansas Vol. Infantry, Acting Field Officer.

" " J. J. Sears, 18th U. S. C. T., Acting Provost Marshal of the Army of the Border.

Among others should be mentioned with honor:

Surgeon S. B. Davis, Medical Director of the Army of the Border.

" Philip Harvey.

" J. J. Pollock, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

Assistant Surgeons Vance and Aiken, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

Captain W. D. McLain, Independent Battery Colorado Volunteers.

Lieutenant G. A. Eayres, Independent Battery Colorado Volunteers.

" Beach, Independent Battery Colorado Volunteers.

Captain J. H. Dodge, 9th Battery Wisconsin Volunteers.

Lieutenant Hicks, 9th Battery Wisconsin Volunteers.

" W. H. Price, 2d Col. Vols., Acting Ordnance Officer in the field.

Major General Blunt, in his report, honorably mentions the names of those on his regular and volunteer Staff:—

Captain George S. Hampton, Assistant Adjutant General.

“ R. J. Hinton, 2d Kansas Colored, and A. D. C.

“ B. F. Simpson, Acting A. Q. M.

“ George J. Clark, 14th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, Acting Ordnance Officer.

Lieut. Colonel John T. Burris (late of 10th K. V. C.), Vol. A. D. C.

Major R. G. Ward, 1st Kansas Colored Volunteers, Vol. A. D. C.

“ J. T. Penny (late of 35th Missouri Vols.), Vol. A. D. C.

Captain A. J. Shannon, Dist. Provost Marshal, and Acting Division Provost Marshal.

“ T. E. Milhoan (late 10th Kansas), A. A. D. C.

Second Lieutenant W. B. Clark, Company “E,” 14th K. V. C., commanding escort.

I also present the names of—

Captain Carpenter, commanding Battalion 3d Wisconsin Cavalry.

Lieutenant J. B. Pond, commanding Battalion 3d Wisconsin Cavalry.

“ John Crites, Company “D,” 3d Wisconsin Cavalry.

“ Joseph Mackle, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, Acting A. A. G.

“ W. H. Bisbee, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, Regimental Adj.

Captain Young, 5th Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

Lieutenant Taber, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, Acting A. A. G.

“ Goble, Company “L,” 5th Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

Surgeon Ainsworth, and Assistant Surgeon Adair, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry; Sergeant Major J. H. Isbell; Q. M. Sergeant W. H. Cowan, and Chief Bugler N. D. Horton, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, for gallantry in the field, are deserving promotion.

Lieut. Colonel Morris, 10th Kansas State Militia.

“ “ Ewes, 24th Kansas State Militia.

Major Smith, 19th Kansas State Militia.

“ Wiley, 10th Kansas State Militia.

“ C. C. Willets, Volunteer Aid to Col. Blair.

Lieutenant L. J. Beam, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, A. A. A. Gen'l.

“ James Adkins, 24th Kansas State Militia (severely wounded at Westport).

Sergeant Major Ripston, 3d Wisconsin Vol. Cavalry.

Sergeant A. C. Green, 3d Wisconsin Vol. Cavalry.

Private Van Valkenburg, 3d Wisconsin Vol. Cavalry.

Captain W. H. Green, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

Lieutenant R. Roe, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry, A. A. A. G.

“ Wm. Wise, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

“ Fenton Seymour, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry (who was wounded at Little Blue).

Captain Kingsbury, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

" Elmer, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

" Boyd, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

Sergeant Samuel Ferre, Company "C," 2d Colorado Cavalry, gallantry at Newtonia.

Captain Thomas Moses, Company "C," 2d Colorado Cavalry, wounded at Newtonia.

All the names thus presented deserve honorable mention for uniform gallantry and energy.

I must also include some reluctantly left in my rear to attend to my support of men and means, and for earnest and successful exertions, therefore deserving this presentation:—

Brigadier General Thos. H. Davis, commanding Dist. of North Kansas.

Colonel Werter R. Davis, commanding Post at Fort Leavenworth.

" Coates, E. M. M., Kansas City, Missouri.

Major F. E. Hunt, Chief Paymaster, in command of Artillery at the Post and City of Leavenworth.

" H. H. Heath, Provost Marshal General.

" E. S. Hubbard, K. S. M., commanding at Wyandotte.

Surgeon Buckmaster, Medical Director of the Department.

Captain John Williams, A. A. G., Headquarters Fort Leavenworth.

" H. C. Hodges, Department Q. M. Fort Leavenworth.

" John McNutt, Chief of Ordnance, Fort Leavenworth.

" Robert Graham, Depot Commissary, Fort Leavenworth.

" Edgar Seelye, Depot Q. M. at Kansas City, and until after the battle of Westport A. C. Q. M. of the Army.

I name also as deserving honorable mention for active exertions in protecting the border, the Post of Paola and town of Mound City, and for gallantry on the march and at the latter place on the night of the 24th, and morning of the 25th of October, the names of—

Colonel Thomas Moonlight, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, commanding Brigade.

Lieut. Colonel Samuel F. Drake, 17th Kansas Vol. Cavalry (one hundred day men).

Captain S. W. Greer, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, commanding Mound City.

" Parks, Kansas State Militia, wounded at Mound City.

Also, Privates Williams and Manloye, Kansas State Militia (the latter being killed at Mound City).

Distances Traveled by the Army of the Border.

From Fort Leavenworth:

		MILES.
October 13.	Olathe	28
14.	Wyandotte, via Shawne.....	29
15.	Hickman's Mill and return.....	48
17.	Kansas City	4
19.	Independence	12
21.	Little Blue	9
	Big Blue	15
22.	Kansas City	6
23.	Little Santa Fe.....	15
24.	Marias-des-Cygnés.....	56
25.	Fort Scott	36
26.	Shanghai.....	27
27.	Carthage	42
28.	Newtonia	30
29.	Neosho.....	10
30.	Back to Newtonia.....	10
31.	Keatsville.....	27
November 1.	Pea Ridge.....	10
3.	Cross Hollow	15
4.	Fayetteville	20
5.	Prairie Grove.....	11
6.	Cane Hill.....	25
7.	30
8.	12
	Back again.....	320
	Total miles traveled	847

I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,

S. R. CURTIS, *Major Gen'l.*

Report of Major General James G. Blunt, Commanding District of
South Kansas.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH KANSAS, }
PAOLA, December 24th, 1864. }

MAJOR C. S. CHARLOT, *Asst. Adj. Gen'l.*,

Department of Kansas:

For the information of the Major General commanding the Department, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the first division of the Army

of the Border, in the recent campaign against the rebel army under command of General Sterling Price,

On my arrival at Fort Leavenworth, from the District of upper Arkansas, on the 9th of October, I was directed to proceed to Olathe, and report from that place by telegraph for orders.

Arriving there on the morning of the 10th I was assigned, by orders from Department Headquarters, to the command of the District of South Kansas, to relieve Major General Sykes, and immediately assumed command by telegraph, with headquarters at Paola, and in the field, and proceeded at once to put the small force in my district in condition for active service.

At one o'clock A. M. of the 13th I received a telegram from the General commanding to move, with all my mounted force and artillery, to Hickman's Mill, Missouri.

At daylight I marched, with all my force immediately at hand, consisting of the 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry; detachments of the 5th and 16th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry; 1st Colorado Battery, and a portion of the 5th and 10th regiments of Kansas State Militia (mounted), and arrived at Hickman's Mill at 11 o'clock A. M. of the 14th. On the following day (the 15th of October), the 15th Kansas; Battalion of 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, detachment of 14th Kansas; 6th regiment Kansas State Militia, and right section of 2d Kansas Battery, under the command of Colonels Jennison and Blair, who had been directed to join me by forced marches, reported to me in camp at Hickman's Mill. The force was then organized as follows: 1st Brigade, commanded by Col. C. R. Jennison, 15th Kansas Cavalry, consisting of the 15th Kansas Cavalry, Battalion of 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, and four 12 pound mountain howitzers; 2d Brigade, commanded by Colonel Thomas Moonlight, 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, to consist of the 11th Kansas Cavalry, detachments of the 5th and 16th Kansas Cavalry, and four 12 pound mountain howitzers. The 3d Brigade, commanded by Colonel C. W. Blair, 14th Kansas Vol-

unteer Cavalry, comprising the 5th, 6th, and 10th regiments Kansas State Militia, 1st Colorado Battery, and right section of 2d Kansas Battery, and detachment of 14th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, Brigadier General Fishback to have immediate command of the State Militia, reporting to Col. Blair.

Early on the morning of the 16th, Gen. Fishback, of the State Militia, and Col. J. D. Snoddy, of the 6th regiment State Militia, refused to recognize my authority to command the militia force, and ordered them to return to Kansas. The matter was promptly disposed by placing Gen. Fishback and Col. Snoddy in close arrest for disobedience of orders and mutinous conduct in the face of the enemy. The 6th regiment was directed to choose another Colonel, which resulted in the selection of the veteran soldier, Col. James Montgomery, under whose leadership the regiment did gallant service; and no further conflict of authority occurred between myself and the Militia during the campaign; and in this connection I desire to do justice to the Militia here referred to, the 5th, 6th, and 10th regiments, by stating the fact that none others—except the two officers alluded to as placed in arrest—either officers or soldiers, evinced any other disposition than to do their whole duty, and move against the enemy in Missouri, or elsewhere that he could be found. Nor could I attach so much criminality to the acts of Brigadier General Fishback and Col. Snoddy, especially of the former, and inflict upon them the summary punishment prescribed by the rules of war—viz. death—as would have been the case, had I not known that they were the instruments selected by the Executive of Kansas and others, their superiors in the militia organization, to carry out their mischievous and disgraceful designs.

At 4 o'clock p. m. of the 16th, I was ordered to move with all my mounted men of the volunteer force to Pleasant Hill. I marched at 7 o'clock the same evening, with the 1st and 2d Brigades, comprising a total of about 2,000 men, and eight 12 pound mountain howitzers, arriving at Pleasant

Hill at 1 o'clock A. M. of the 17th. Halted until daylight, and then moved east on the Warrensburg road. After marching about ten miles, met a squad of Missouri militia and Union citizens of Warrensburg, who reported to me that on the 15th the rebel Gen. Shelby had captured the town and garrison at Sedalia, and that his advance were moving into Warrensburg, when they evacuated the place. I directed the Militia to turn back, and the command proceeded to Holden, arriving there at 11 o'clock A. M. Halting at this point, I sent Major Foster, of the 7th E. M. M., with a party of scouts and telegraph operator to Warrensburg, to make a reconnoissance. At 5 o'clock that evening Major Foster reported to me by telegraph that no enemy had been in Warrensburg, but that after the capture of Sedalia Gen. Shelby's force had rejoined Price's main command, near the Missouri river, below Waverly. Upon learning, from what I considered reliable authority, that Brigadier General Sanborn, in command of the Cavalry of Gen. Rosecrans' Department, was at or near Dunkburg, and that Gen. O. J. Smith's Division of Infantry and Artillery were within supporting distance, I sent a courier to Gen. Sanborn, with dispatches, notifying him of my position and movements, and urging upon him the propriety of uniting our forces and promptly commencing an offensive movement against Price. With the view to carry out this plan, I telegraphed to the Commanding General, requesting him to send forward to my support, on the Independence and Lexington road, the Brigade of Col. Blair, and the 16th Kansas Cavalry, and 2d Colorado Cavalry, and at 7 o'clock P. M. marched for Lexington, at which place my advance, under Col. Moonlight, arrived at 11 o'clock A. M. of the 18th. The place had been evacuated by the Federal forces for several days, and was occupied by no force of the enemy except a small party of guerrillas, several of whom were killed and captured by my advance.

Upon occupying Lexington, I obtained reliable information that the advance of Price's army, under Shelby, was at

Waverly; that Price was calling in all detachments sent out for recruiting and other purposes, and was concentrating his force to meet an expected attack from the forces of Gen. Rosecrans.

On the 19th, at 11 o'clock A. M., while I was momentarily expecting the arrival of re-enforcements I had requested to be sent to join me at Lexington, and also of receiving an answer to my dispatch to Gen. Sanborn, a courier arrived with dispatches from the General commanding, informing me that in consequence of the embarrassments thrown in his way by the governor of Kansas and others, relative to moving the Militia out of the State, no re-enforcements could be sent to me. At the same time it was reported to me that my pickets were attacked and were being driven in by the enemy, who were advancing in force in three columns. The pickets were re-enforced and instructed to resist the enemy's advance, while the command was immediately put in position in line of battle south-east of the city, facing a section of open and undulating country, with cultivated fields extending from one to two miles in our front, with the Independence road in our rear, upon which I designed to fall back whenever it became necessary.

As the enemy moved steadily up and massed his force in my front, I became well convinced that the whole of Price's army were present, and with the small force of my command I determined not to bring on a general engagement, but to develop his force and movements, and to accomplish the object of a reconnoissance. An irregular firing upon the skirmish lines of the contending forces, with occasional artillery firing, was kept up for nearly two hours, when their long range guns opened a brisk fire in my front, to which my short range howitzers could not reply with effect, and being pressed by an overwhelming force, with an attempt to flank me on the right and left, I directed the command to withdraw and fall back on the Independence road. This movement was accomplished in good order, the 11th Kansas Cavalry, under the immediate command of Colonel

Moonlight, covering the retreat in a gallant manner. The last position, occupied by the rear guard with four mountain howitzers, was held until dark, and until the small command was almost entirely enveloped by the superior numbers of the enemy, when, under cover of the night, we moved by easy marches in the direction of Independence; having in the operations of the day punished our adversary severely; but what was of greater importance, developed his position, strength, and movements, the first instance in which it had been done since he had crossed the Arkansas river in his raid into Missouri.

At 9 o'clock A. M. of the 20th, I reached the crossing of the Little Blue, nine miles east of Independence, and finding a strong natural position for defense on the west side of that stream, I halted my command and camped in line of battle, sending to Independence for rations, and requesting the General commanding to send forward to me the 16th Kansas Cavalry, 2d Colorado Cavalry, and 1st Colorado Battery. In response to my application for re-enforcements, with a view of making a stand at the Little Blue, I was ordered by the General commanding to leave four squadrons at that point, as an outpost, and move with the remainder of my command to Independence, assigning as a reason that in consequence of the action of the governor of Kansas, and others of the State authorities, he was unable to move the State Militia any further into Missouri. In pursuance of these instructions I left Col. Moonlight, with the 11th Kansas Cavalry, with instructions to burn the bridge across the Blue, if the enemy advanced in force, and to make such resistance as he could until I could be notified.

Early on the morning of the 21st, I was directed to move with all the volunteer force back to the Little Blue, and just as the command had commenced to move, I received a dispatch from Col. Moonlight, informing me that the enemy were advancing in force; that he had burned the bridge, and was engaging their advance. The command was now pressed forward as rapidly as possible, but on arriving upon

the field, I found that the small force under Col. Moonlight, although making a stubborn resistance, had been forced back by superior numbers, and we had lost the strong position on the west side of the Little Blue, before alluded to, and where I had hoped to have held Price in check until Gen. Rosecrans' forces came up in his rear, had circumstances have permitted me to remain there as I had suggested the day previous. As soon as the troops could be got into position, a gallant attempt was made to push back the enemy and retake the ground we had lost, when their line was driven back nearly a mile, but the vastly superior numbers of the enemy enabling them to push forward, having flanking columns on my right and left, compelled me to fall back in the direction of Independence. The retreat was conducted in perfect order, every foot of ground being stubbornly contested, and the troops exhibiting a degree of coolness in the face of an overwhelming enemy seldom equalled.

(To be continued.)

COLONEL NATHAN BOONE.

Biography of the Adventurous Pioneer.

THERE is one name, which, whenever it is mentioned among military men and old frontier men, is always mentioned with respect, and that name is Nathan Boone. On account of his father, Col. Daniel Boone, of Kentucky, the fame of the son is not as wide-spread as it should be, nor is it such as he was justly entitled to. He was born in Kentucky in 1782, in the settlement made by his father; lived there until he was grown to manhood, and then moved to the territory of Missouri, where, at thirty years of age, and on the 25th of March, 1812, he was made by the president of the United States a captain of mounted rangers.

These rangers, of which there were seven companies, were raised during the war with Great Britain, for the protection of the frontier of the United States against the Indians, and were to serve on foot or on horseback, as the exigencies of the service might require. He served through the whole war, his company being made up of frontier men from Missouri territory. He was promoted major of the Missouri mounted rangers, on the 10th of December, 1813, continued as captain in 1814, and his command was finally disbanded when the whole army was cut down at the close of the war, in June, 1815.

By nature, he was cool and daring, combining the superior knowledge of the white man with the cunning of the Indian. He had the passion peculiar to his family, for the chase, and often went off on long and lonely marches, far beyond the most extended frontier settlements, in pursuit of the denizens of the forest. After leaving the army, he was sometimes employed as a surveyor, and laid off many Indian boundaries in the territory north of Missouri; and sometimes as a trapper, when he indulged his love for hunting for months together. His home he moved beyond the Ozark mountains, where, in a beautiful valley, and far in advance of civilization, he made it cheerful and happy.

There he lived until the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, when he was again called upon by the president to serve his country in the field. A battalion of mounted rangers was raised and placed under the command of Maj. Henry Dodge, the six companies of which it was composed being commanded respectively by Capts. Lemuel Ford, Benjamin V. Becks, Jesse B. Brown, Jesse Bean, Nathan Boone, and Matthew Duncan. Capt. Boone's commission was dated June 16, 1832. This battalion rendered good service during the Black Hawk troubles, and after the war closed it was sent west of the Mississippi, and served in the Indian country. Here, Boone's knowledge of woodcraft was invaluable, and he was known to be one of the ablest woodsmen that ever belonged to the United States army. He could go to

any point in a straight line, no matter whether it was across the prairie or through the timber, and possessed a keener instinct than the Indians themselves. He was an extraordinary man, and it is said that no Indian hunter excelled him in a knowledge of woodcraft.

In August, 1833, the battalion of rangers was reorganized as the 1st regiment of United States dragoons, Major Dodge having been promoted colonel; Stephen W. Kearney, lieutenant colonel, and Richard B. Mason, major. Five of the captains in the rangers were retained, Capt. Becks having been discharged, and five other captains from the old army appointed to the regiment; these were Clifton Wharton, Edwin V. Sumner, Eustace Trenor, David Hunter, and Reuben Holmes.

While a captain, Boone was stationed at Fort Des Moines, and at Leavenworth, but every summer his company made long expeditions far out in the Indian country. He was the favorite pioneer captain of Col. Kearney, who had the most implicit confidence in his knowledge and sagacity. It is related that at one time, while out in the buffalo range, several young and enthusiastic officers started out and followed a drove of buffalo a long distance. They became separated from the main command and from one another, and in fact, got lost. Night came on, but still the young gentlemen did not return, and all became exceedingly apprehensive in regard to their safety. A long night ensued, but with the first light of the following morning, Boone was on the trail, though in some places it had been obliterated by the hoofs of thousands of buffaloes; and after a long search, found them completely lost, and almost insane.

At another time, an officer, while in the pursuit of buffaloes, after riding several miles, lost his hat, but in the hurry of pursuit did not stop to pick it up. After shooting a buffalo, he returned and tried to find it, but could not do so; and tying his handkerchief round his head, returned to the main body. Boone asked him where he had lost his hat, and the officer told him it was somewhere out on the plain

—he did not know where. As a hat at that time could not well be replaced, it was worth looking after, and Boone rode out, and having been gone an hour or two, returned with the hat.

In the settlement of the Osage Indian difficulties, in 1837, and those of the Cherokees, which originated in the death of Boudinot and Ridges, in 1839, Boone acted a conspicuous part.

During the Mexican war he was kept on the plains in the Indian country, where it was thought he could be more usefully employed than he could further south. He was promoted major in the 1st regiment on the 15th of February, 1847, and served as such until the 25th of July, 1850, when he was promoted lieutenant colonel of the 2d dragoons. Feeling that old age was wearing upon him, and that he was no longer able to keep the field, he resigned out of the army, on the 15th of July, 1853, and died at his home in Missouri, in January, 1857, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Several of the paths leading towards the Rocky mountains were first traveled by parties under the leadership of Boone, and he discovered many of the water courses and streams along which travelers have since wended their way to the shores of the Pacific. This work has been claimed by explorers who have visited the country long since his time, and who have robbed him of the credit which was due him as a successful pioneer and noted leader on our wide western domain. He was a man of great modesty and simplicity of character. His education was quite limited, as he lived nearly his whole life on the frontier, away from schools and the advantages which most other Americans possess. He had the most unflinching perseverance, combined with personal courage, and an integrity which nothing could shake. In personal appearance he is said to have strongly resembled his celebrated father,—Daniel Boone, the first settler of Kentucky.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE GILMAN FOLSOM.

A RECENT number of the Dubuque *Telegraph* contained the following in relation to a parliamentary passage at arms in the House of Representatives of the Iowa Legislature, between the late Hon. Gilman Folsom, of Iowa City, and Hon. James Grant, of Davenport:—

“Gilman Folsom, whose death occurred recently at Iowa City, was, in his day, one of the leading politicians and lawyers of this state. He was gifted with a natural eloquence, which was cultivated by education, and which rendered him a formidable antagonist in the forum, on the stump, and in the halls of legislation. But, withal, this gifted man had such indiscretions of judgment as to more than off-set his other gifts of intellect. He was querulous with his friends, and passionate toward his adversaries, sparing neither in his fits of elocutionary frenzy. A remarkable instance of his peculiar nature was exhibited in the winter of 1854—we think it was—during the session of the legislature. Judge Grant was speaker of the house; and between him and Mr. Folsom there was an estrangement, which affected the latter very sensitively, and carried him into intolerable excesses in his intercourse with the speaker. In the formation of committees of the house, Mr. Folsom expected, from his position in the ruling party, and at the bar, that he would be placed on the judiciary committee as chairman, and so, indeed, did his friends, for there was no other in the house who appeared to be better qualified for, or better entitled to, the position. But the feeling between the speaker and Mr. Folsom affected the former as well as the latter. Judge Grant had the weakness to ignore his adversary, and, worse still, to, as Folsom regarded it, insult him, by placing at the head of the judiciary committee a young man just admitted to the bar, with Folsom down lower on the list of names. The first one who saw the list was the writer of this, and casting his eye over it he noticed at once what had been done, and took in at a thought what would be the

probable consequences, knowing the nature of the two men who would be thrown into conflict with each other, by what one of them would regard as an affront. The writer privately remonstrated with the speaker, but it was of no use. Judge Grant was not the man to change what he had deliberately done. The writer left the hall of the house with the list of the committees in his hand. Folsom noticed what had taken place between the writer and the speaker, and suspected somehow that it concerned him, so he followed the writer out of the hall of the house, and asked to be allowed to see the list of the committees. The writer parleyed with him for a while, hoping that something might occur to change the mind of the speaker, but Mr. Folsom was importunate, so the list was shown him. He became at once another being. In an instant he had made up his mind to give the speaker neither peace nor rest during the session, and he commenced at once to put his feelings into execution. Sitting in front of the speaker, he watched every opportunity to annoy and worry and torment Judge Grant, till at last, the latter, yielding to *his* nature, came down on the floor to meet his tormentor on an arena where he could give way to his feelings. This was just what Folsom desired. It was the opportunity he longed for. It was no longer the speaker he had to encounter, but what he called his adversary, Jim Grant. Those who were in the house of representatives on that day will never forget the scene which was there enacted. Judge Grant, on leaving the chair, had the good sense to put Mr. Grimes, afterwards governor and senator, in his place. It was well that some one who knew the duties and proprieties of the position, was in the chair, for otherwise the result of that famous passage at words between those two Iowans might have been different. We cannot describe it; nothing short of hearing the words and seeing the combatants as they appeared on the scene, could describe what took place.

“It is no disparagement of the survivor in that famous set-to, to say that his now dead adversary was awarded the

victory. Indeed, it is a question whether it would be complimentary to Judge Grant to say of him that he could worst Gil Folsom in a personal controversy. How these memories of old times come upon us, when we hear of the death of one of our old colleague associates and friends. Peace to thy perturbed spirit, thou eccentric orator, thou intuitive lawyer, thou inveterate enemy, thou steadfast friend ! ”

JONATHAN EMERSON FLETCHER.

GEN. JONATHAN E. FLETCHER, an old settler of Muscatine, died at his residence, near that city, April 6, 1872, at the age of 66 years. The Old Settlers Association of Muscatine attended his funeral in a body, and passed the usual resolutions of respect and regret. We find in the *Muscatine Journal* a tribute to his memory and an account of the more prominent events of his life, which we copy, from the pen of a favorite contributor to the ANNALS—Suel Foster, Esq.—who knew the deceased long and intimately:

“Gen. J. E. Fletcher was a native of Thetford, Vermont. He was an early settler of this city (Muscatine), coming here in the summer of 1838, when Iowa was made a separate territory. He attended the first land sale in the territory, in November, 1838, at which he bought lands six miles west of the city, upon which he located in the fall of 1839, and went to farming, having previously returned to Vermont and married his surviving wife. He had resided a few years in Ohio before he came to Iowa.

“Gen. Fletcher has held many responsible offices in this territory and state. He was a member of the convention which framed the old state constitution, taking an active and important part in the formation of our fundamental law.

“In 1846 he was appointed by President Polk an Indian agent, for the Winnebagoes, and served in that capacity eleven years, having removed the location of the agency

twice, making three different places in the territory of Minnesota, where he resided — Fort Atkinson, on Turkey river, Mankota, on Minnesota river, and high up the Mississippi river above St. Paul. Few agents indeed are ever better calculated to manage a tribe of Indians. The Winnebagoes, Sioux, and Chippewas were frequently at war, and he was often instrumental in saving much bloodshed. With quiet apprehension, decision, and firmness, and great courage to face and surmount all difficulties, his valuable services in his long career as Indian agent, to the government, and to the country, are incalculable.

"In all these arduous duties, General Fletcher was accompanied by his faithful wife, who rendered him great assistance; beside she spent much time in teaching the Indians the English language from books. Dr. Frank Fletcher, their oldest son, was, when they went among the Indians, quite a young boy. He played and frolicked with the Indian boys, and soon learned their language so well that he became his father's interpreter.

"Gen. Fletcher returned to his farm, one mile west of this city, in 1858, where he has ever since engaged in farming. He leaves his dutiful and afflicted wife and eight children—five sons, and three daughters, his oldest son having studied medicine, and settled in that practice, a few years ago at Detroit, Mich.

"Gen. Fletcher was a man of marked and noted character,—a man of talent, energy, and industry, actuated at all times by truth, right, and justice; affection, benevolence, and kindness, which, based upon the foundation of Christianity, enabled him to accomplish much good in this life, and to gain, in a high degree, the esteem, friendship, and love, of a wide circle of acquaintances, who find that in him they have lost a great and good friend in time of need,—they will not soon find one to fill his place.

"As a citizen of the city and county, we have lost a great and good man, in whose counsels we have so often found wisdom, goodness, and benefit, and we mourn his loss."

I-O-W-A.

A LATE number of the *Northern Vindicator*, published at Estherville, Emmet county, thus vindicates the good taste of whoever first proposed for our state the name of Iowa:—

“Has any one ever heard the true rendering or translation of this word Iowa? As all instinctively know, it is an Indian word; and as all proper names in Indian dialect have their peculiar, and oftentimes significant, meaning, this little word, composed, as each of its syllables is, of a separate word, has likewise a meaning and Indian definition, that is most apropos and suggestive of the state that it describes.

“A gentleman passed through here the other day who has been spending some time among the Indian tribes that are sojourning in eastern Nebraska and western Minnesota. He is a well-informed, intelligent, and fully reliable man, and has taken much pains, on account of his business as a trader, in studying the language of these primal inhabitants and in informing himself, through curiosity and a laudable desire for learning their history, the principles of their language, and the rendering of their words and phrases. He informed us, among other curious and interesting facts, that the word ‘Iowa,’ in the Indian tongue signified ‘here is the place,’ and that it originated from an incident which transpired in an Indian tribe of the then wild territory of Iowa, ‘more moons ago than there are tracks of the buffalo upon the plain, or feathers upon the wild fowl’s back.’

“The story runs: A tribe from the west came into the land of Iowa, forced across the Missouri on account of an unfavorable season for game, trapping and hunting, and after several days of tired, weary tramping, hungry and heart-sick, its members came unexpectedly, at nightfall, to the shore of a beautiful lake. Groves of shade surrounded it, plums, wild apples, and berries were found upon every hand upon overladen trees and vines, fowls swam upon, and

flew over, the lake in great swarms, and fishes glided and swam in the pellucid waters. The tired ponies eagerly drank from the cool fountain, and the squaws began with avidity to pluck the fruit and prepare for the evening meal. Then the chief, who had taken in at a glance of his eagle eye the whole prospect, after a pause, that caused all to hold intent their countenances, wisely and solemnly said: 'IOWA' — *this is the place.*

"And the story spread abroad among the tribes, and tradition has passed it down to the white man, who has taken it up, and with a most felicitous appropriateness, has adopted the word, and with it christened one of the grandest and best lands known among these magnificent states of the American Union. May its name and fair fame ever live so long as 'water runs or fishes swim,' and may all races and people early come into a knowledge of the fact—'this is the place.'"

AN ACT TO REORGANIZE THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa,* That from and after the taking effect of this act, the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society, at Iowa City, shall consist of eighteen persons, of whom nine shall be appointed by the governor of the State, and nine elected by the members of the society. The term of office of said curators shall be two years, except as provided in the next section, and they shall receive no compensation for their services.

SEC. 2. The curators appointed by the governor, shall be appointed on or before the last Wednesday in June in the year 1872, and each second year thereafter, and their term of office shall commence on that day. Nine curators shall be selected by the present board to serve on behalf of the society until the last Wednesday in June, A. D. 1873, or in default of such selection, the nine members of the present

board having the longest unexpired terms shall so serve. And at the annual meeting of said Historical Society held next before the last Wednesday in June, A. D. 1873, and in each second year thereafter, there shall be elected by ballot from the members of the society nine curators for the term next ensuing.

SEC. 3. All persons who are members of said Historical Society at the date of this act, shall remain members of the same as reorganized, and new members may be admitted at any time under the rules now in force, or such other rules as may hereafter be adopted by the Board of Curators.

SEC. 4. The annual meeting of the society shall be held at Iowa City on the Monday preceeding the last Wednesday in June of each year.

SEC. 5. The Board of Curators shall choose annually, or oftener, if need be, a corresponding secretary, recording secretary, a treasurer, and a librarian, who shall be selected from the members of the Historical Society outside of their own number, and shall hold office for one year, unless sooner removed by a vote of the board. Said officers shall be officers of the society as well as of the Board of Curators, and their respective duties shall be determined by said board. No officers of the society or of the board shall receive any compensation from the state appropriation to the society.

SEC. 6. The Board of Curators shall also choose from their own number a president, who shall be the executive head of the board, and shall hold his office for one year, and until his successor is elected.

SEC. 7. The curators, a majority of whom shall reside in the vicinity of the State University, and seven of whom shall constitute a quorum, shall be the executive department of the society, and shall have full power to manage its affairs. They shall keep a full and correct account of their doings, and of the receipt and expenditure of all funds collected or granted for the purpose of the society, and shall report the same annually to the governor on or before the fifteenth day of December, as required by law of other state institutions.

SEC. 8. There shall be delivered to said society eighty bound copies of the reports of the supreme court, and all other books and documents published by the state, or at its order, for the purpose of effecting exchanges with similar societies in other states and countries, and for preservation in its library, and other purposes of the society.

SEC. 9. This act being deemed of immediate importance, shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the *Iowa State Register*, a newspaper published at Des Moines, and in the *Iowa City Press*, a newspaper published at Iowa City, without expense to the state.

Approved, April 24, 1872.

I hereby certify that the foregoing act was published in the *Daily Iowa State Register*, April 30, and in the *Iowa City Press*, April 29, 1872. ED. WRIGHT, *Secretary of State*.

DEATH OF MARQUETTE.

HIS solitary grave was made
Beside thy waters, Michigan;
In the forest-shade the bones were laid
Of a world-wondering man:
Discoverer of a world he sleeps—
By all the world unknown;
No mausoleum marks the spot,
Nor monumental stone.

He died alone—no pious hand
Smoothed down the pillow for his head;
No watching flowers reared the tent,
Or strewed the green leaves for his bed:
His followers left the holy man
Beside a rustic altar kneeling—
The slanting sunbeams' setting rays
Through the thick forest-branches stealing.

An hour had past, and they returned;
They found him lying where he knelt,
But lo! how changed: the calm of death
Upon his marble features dwelt;
Even while he prayed, his living soul
Had to its native heaven fled,
While the last twilight's holiest beams
Fell, like a glory, on his head. — *Western Messenger*.

REORGANIZATION OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

IN another place will be found the law enacted by the legislature last winter reorganizing the Historical Society. The Board of Curators of the society, at their first meeting after the passage of this law, appointed a committee to amend the constitution of the society in agreement with the new statute. At a subsequent meeting of the Board, the committee's report was heard and adopted, and a special meeting of the whole society arranged for. The society therefore held a special meeting in Iowa City, on June 14th, at which the action of the Board of Curators was confirmed, their recommendations adopted, the constitution of the society changed so as to harmonize it with the new law, and the act of the legislature accepted as the organic law of the society.

The Board of Curators refrained from exercising the authority granted them in the act, to select the nine curators on the part of the society; consequently, in accordance with the provisions of the law, the nine members of the board having the longest time to serve under the former organization became the members, on the part of the society, of the new board. They are all residents of Iowa City, and are Rev. Wm. Emonds, Hon. Wm. G. Hammond, Hon. Thos. Hughes, Robert Hutchinson, Esq., Hon. John P. Irish, Geo. E. Kimball, M. D., Hon. S. E. Paine, Col. S. C. Trowbridge, and A. C. Younkin, Esq. The governor appointed as members of the board, on the part of the state, the nine elective members of the Board of Regents of the State University, who are Hon. C. W. Slagle, of Fairfield, Hon. John McKean, of Anamosa, Hon. Austin Adams, of Dubuque, Hon. A. T. Reeve, of Hampton, Hon. James Wilson, of Buckingham, Hon. A. K. Campbell, of Newton, Hon. P. M. Casady, of Des Moines, Hon. Wm. W. Merritt, of Red Oak Junction, and Hon. J. F. Duncombe, of Fort Dodge.

This new Board of Curators held their first session at the Historical Rooms in Iowa City, on the 26th of June, and organized by electing as their president, Hon. William G.

Hammond, chancellor of the law department of the State University, who had served in the same capacity in the previous board. H. S. Welton, Esq., was unanimously elected treasurer of the society. Mr. Silas Foster having resigned the office of librarian, and removed to Colorado, George Fracker, Esq., was unanimously elected librarian. Capt. Wm. C. Gaston, the recording secretary, having vacated his office by removal to Oregon, F. Lloyd was elected in his place, and also charged with the duties of corresponding secretary. The board devoted the rest of its session, which was held in the presence of Gov. Carpenter, Col. Abernethy, superintendent of public instruction, and other state officials, to the general business of the society.

It is hoped that this division of authority and responsibility in the management of the society's affairs between officers selected immediately from, and by, the society itself, and others chosen by the governor, will advance its prosperity, by bringing the society, without changing its voluntary character, into closer and more fostering relations with the state government than it occupied under its former organization; and the happy selection of the nine elective University regents as the state's representatives in the Board of Curators, representing, as they do, the nine congressional districts of the state, will remove any suspicion of its being a *local* institution, while it will fulfill the requirement of the act passed by the legislature, in 1857, organizing the society, and providing that it should be "in connection with, and under the auspices of, the State University."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

— WE have received the first number of the "*Western Life Boat*," a large monthly periodical published at Des Moines, and devoted largely to the biography of prominent Iowa people. This first number is profusely illustrated with engravings of faces and places of interest. The business tact of Mr. A. C. Edmunds, its principal manager, and the merits of the work itself, have already, as we understand, secured it a vast popularity throughout the country.

—THE short sketch of the life of Col. Nathan Boone, which appears herewith in our pages, we find floating about on the gulf stream of western journalism, which we believe takes its rise in Chicago, courses westward along the Pacific railroads, to spread out over California and the Pacific coast. Our attention was called to it sometime ago, by Judge Parvin, and we think even so imperfect a biography of the adventurous pioneer well worthy of preservation, and not inappropriate to our pages, since much of his military scouting was done in what is now the state of Iowa. His company of rangers was incorporated into a regiment of dragoons with that of Gen. Jesse B. Brown, whose biography Mr. Hawkins Taylor gives in this number.

—WE are glad to learn that the "Pioneers of Marion County," written by Mr. Wm. M. Donnel, of Otley, and published in former volumes of the ANNALS OF IOWA, will shortly appear in book form. Mr. Donnel spent a great deal of time and labor to make his history of Marion county exact, correct, and complete, and we are glad to learn that he is likely soon to realize some pecuniary return for his trouble, by a large sale of his book.

—TWENTY-FIVE newspapers and periodicals have been established at Dubuque in the last thirty-six years, from the *Visitor* of 1836, to the *Telegraph*, of 1870. Over one-fourth of the number are still, as dailies and weeklies, in successful existence—a greater number than is published in any other city in Iowa, with possibly the exception of Davenport. There are no abler papers published in the state than those of Dubuque. The *Times* was formerly a weak vessel, but since Rich has taken hold of it, it has had no superior. For the statistical part of this note, we are indebted to Mr. C. Childs, a walking cyclopædia of Dubuque pioneer lore, but one who keeps all his early settler recollections for the Dubuque papers, and never permits any of them to get into the ANNALS, except at second-hand.

—A SUBSCRIBER in the western part of the state last month remitted to us twenty dollars, on account of new subscribers he had—we were going to write, *taken the trouble to obtain for the ANNALS*—but he says it was really no trouble at all. If each one of the rest of our subscribers would do only one-quarter as well, the ANNALS would at once be in a most satisfactory and independent position. Will you all follow the example?

—SINCE the issue of our last number, death has invaded the ranks of our subscribers. The Hon. Gilman Folsom, a finished scholar, a profound jurist, and in earlier days, a popular legislator and party leader, died at his residence, near Iowa City, on the 15th of July; and Col. J. C. Culbertson, a member of the legislature in 1861, and assistant adjutant general of the state, and paymaster in the United States army during the rebellion, expired at his residence, in Springfield, Mo., July 18th. We hope to be able, in our next, to give more extended notices of the lives of these deceased subscribers, over whose names we are compelled to draw a black line, but whose memories will long be cherished by their cotemporaries.

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA.

This Society was instituted by the legislature of 1857. An appropriation of \$500 annually was made it in 1860, in furtherance of its objects.

A Library and Cabinet are rapidly accumulating, and the ANNALS OF IOWA is issued quarterly. To gather the rapidly wasting historical material of the state, the Curators of the Society solicit the following contributions:—

1. Old letters, journals, and manuscript statements of pioneer settlers, relative to the early history and settlement of the state, with sketches of prominent citizens of Iowa, either living or deceased, and acts relative to the Indian tribes, chiefs, and warriors; and also Indian implements, ornaments, and curiosities.

2. Newspapers, exchanges, or papers of old and curious print and date, pamphlets, magazines, catalogues of institutions of learning, minutes of ecclesiastical associations, conventions, conferences, and synods, with their origin and history.

3. Information respecting any ancient coins, or other curiosities, found in the state. Drawing and descriptions of any ancient mounds or fortifications, with articles found in them.

4. Indian geographical names, names of streams and localities in the state, and their signification.

5. Books of all kinds, and especially such as relate to American history, travels and biographies in general, and in the West in particular, family genealogies, maps, historical manuscripts, autographs of distinguished persons, coins, medals, paintings, portraits, statues and engravings.

6. We solicit from historical societies and other learned bodies, that interchange of books and other articles by which the usefulness of institutions of this nature is so much enhanced, pledging ourselves to repay such contributions to the full extent of our ability.

7. The Society particularly ask the favor of authors and publishers, to present, with autographs, copies of their respective works, for its library.

8. Editors and publishers of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, will confer a lasting favor on the Society by contributing their publications regularly for its library, or, at least such numbers as may contain articles bearing upon Iowa history, biography, geography, or antiquities; all of which will be carefully preserved for binding.

9. Specimens of conchology, geology, mineralogy, and natural history, relating to Iowa or other regions, are also desired.

We respectfully request that all, to whom this notice is addressed, will be disposed to give to our appeal a generous response. It is very desirable that donors should forward a specification of books or articles donated and sent to the Society.

We are making preparations for a Picture Gallery, and have already secured some valuable portraits from distinguished men. We have also many valuable articles for our cabinet of historical curiosities. The Board of Curators meets in the Society's rooms, on the first Wednesday evening of each month.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

The Annals of Iowa.

This is a quarterly publication, and will contain not less than *three hundred and twenty* pages for the year 1872, with complete index at the end of the year, and title page for binding.

Its object is to collect and preserve, in a permanent form, facts connected with the early history of the state. Of the various classes of historical facts, it will be its special endeavor to publish:—

1st. Such as relate to transactions of its early days, which are liable to be soon lost by the passing away of the participants.

2d. Descriptive sketches of localities in the olden time, as their primal features are pictured upon the memory of observers.

3d. Biographical sketches of prominent citizens.

4th. The origin, growth, and development of the *institutions* of the state, with their bearing upon the various interests which have called them into existence.

5th. From time to time such of the hitherto unwritten history of the great war of modern times as relates to the valorous deeds of Iowa's soldiers, practicable for introduction, or which seems necessary to preserve it from passing from the knowledge of men.

6th. Reminiscences of early settlers of every character of facts pertaining to pioneer life.

To aid in the accomplishment of this purpose, contributions are requested of those who have in memory any portion of the early history of the state; and those having material for history, or authentic manuscripts, will confer a favor by forwarding them to the editor.

The price of the publication remains ONE DOLLAR a year, although it is now nearly double the original size when that price was fixed.

It is expected that subscribers will pay this moderate sum **IN ADVANCE**.

It was commenced in 1863. Back numbers may be obtained, except for the year 1864. That edition is exhausted. The numbers of 1863, bound in paper covers, may be had for \$2.00. Copies for 1865, -66, -67, -68, -69 1870 and 1871 may be had for fifty cents per single copy.

The periodicals and newspapers sent us in exchange are placed on file in the Library Room of the Historical Society, bound as soon as volumes are completed, and will of themselves form a collection for reference such as is possessed by no other institution of the state, and furnish to the future a record of passing events of very great value. Hence editors of all the newspapers and periodicals published within the state are requested to place the ANNALS upon their exchange lists.

All communications and subscriptions may be addressed to

F. LLOYD, *Corresponding Secretary*,

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

Iowa City, Iowa.